

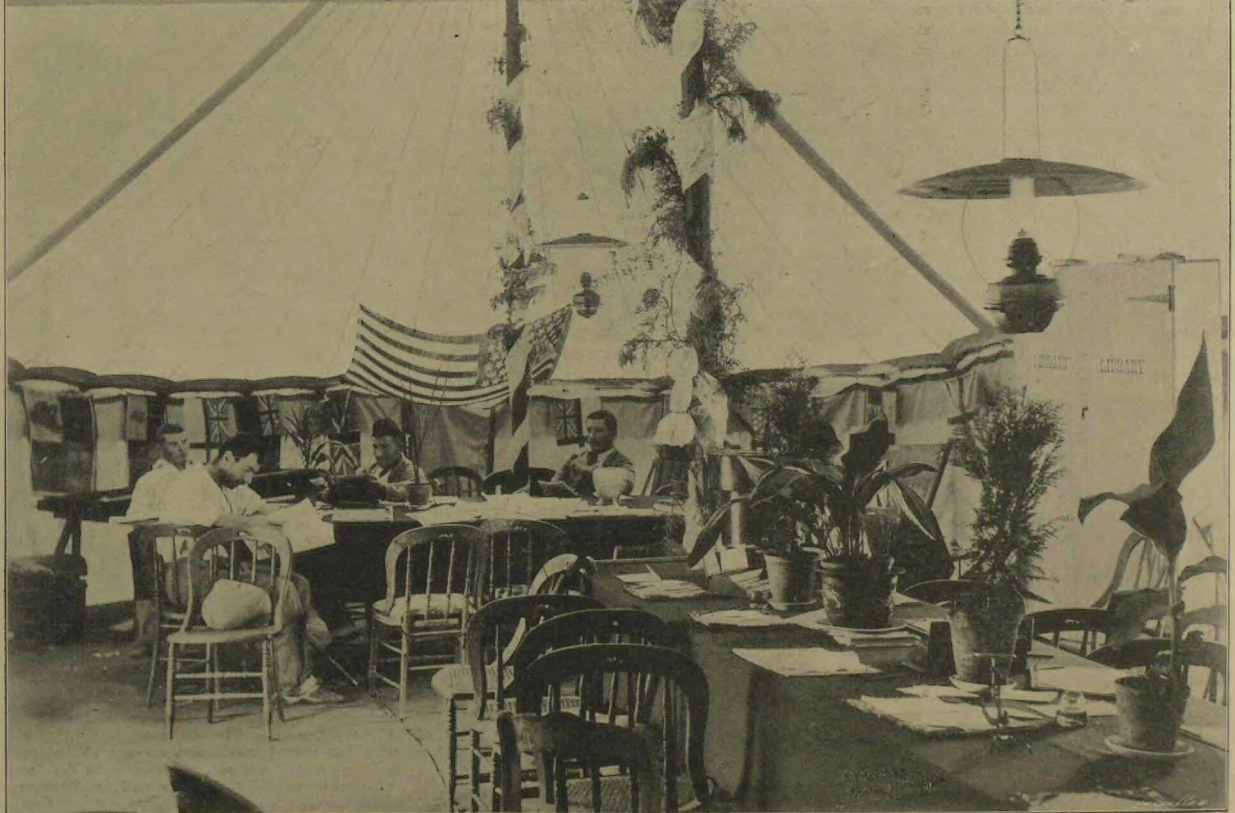
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



WYNBERG HOSPITAL: (1) ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED FROM LORD ROBERTS'S COLUMN. (2) THE FIELD LIBRARY.

Photographs by the Rev. Rice Thomas, Garrison Chaplain.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I am performing my annual navigation of the Channel. For years nothing could induce me to make the passage by Dover and Ostend. Every other route has echoes of my bygone anguish, and distraught passengers must hear them in the night-watches. What I always hear on such occasions is the voice of my sailor-father, addressing his crew through a speaking-trumpet with a sort of "What-is-the-flag-of-England-winds-of-the-world-declare" intonation, varied and, as it were, humanised, by this domestic lament: "That milksop boy ill again!" Degenerate son that I am, I cannot help thinking that the only rational use for sea-water is in the bath, and that voyages ought to be made through the air. In Ramsgate the other day, at the Granville, which is no longer the old ramshackle place where you were eternally walking up and down stairs, but a most commodious hostelry, full of soothing modern inventions, I found sea-water bubbling in the bath-room of my Louis Quatorze suite. What would Quatorze have said to this? Or Madame de Montespan, who, if the memoirs are to be credited, was singular in her hostility to ablutions, even in an age when personal cleanliness was scarcely heeded. Would Quatorze have seen in this intrusion of the ocean an omen of the tide of democracy that was to sweep away his dynasty?

But as steam must still apply itself to the sea, let me pay a tribute of grateful wonder to the Ostend boat, which carried me over the much-dreaded route in a state of perfect well-being. There is something so uncanny in this achievement (for I ate and drank on board, and—*mirabile dictu*—actually smoked) that I am fearful of having given an IOU to a certain personage, who is always retracting documents of that kind from absent-minded mortals, although it is well understood that they can repudiate the contracts. Should this meet the eye of the genial friend who accompanied me on this journey—prince, not of darkness, but of travel—I hope he will not think I am accusing him of diabolical contrivings. He provided the luncheon, and gave me the sound advice to "take in a reef amidstships." This, I believe, is the nautical terminology for the tight-lacing that braces the system against the insidious prejudice of the waves. For the first time I felt that I could exclaim with Mr. Henley, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul!" You are not the captain of your soul when it is plunged into wretchedness by the caprice of winds and waters; and from this the philosopher may conclude that sea-sickness is one of the planetary forces that remind vainglorious man of his subservience to the primitive elements of the sphere which he fondly supposes to have been made for him to threaten and command.

Here at Ostend I gaze out of a window of the Royal Palace Hotel at the waves that fawn and frolic on the beach like amiable spaniels. (Heaven send that I may not have to pay dearly for that image later on!) The Shah was here a day or two ago, and anecdotes of him linger in the atmosphere, and the waiters have a far-away Eastern look in the eyes, as of men who have seen the Shah and cling to the spectacle. My mind goes back seven-and-twenty years to the Shah's august father, and his visit to London, when the inevitable greeting in every social gathering was, "Have you seen the Shah?" and the stories of him were rich in all the elements of popular humour. They were not stories that you could inscribe in young ladies' albums, whereas his son might have been born to enrich their blameless pages. No Eastern ruler has ever made so pleasing an impression on the Western mind. I notice that the Chinese Minister in London is distressed by the imputations of bad faith, and even worse things, to his Dowager-Empress. He says that "scepticism is the curse of the age," when Imperial Edicts, which "cannot lie," are openly flouted, and for no better purpose than to sell newspapers. And yet—such is the eternal contrariety of the "foreign devil"—these same newspapers will sell you anecdotes of the Shah's charming manners and unaffected kindness of heart.

For instance, they tell me here that the Shah was pursued by all the little bare-legged rascals in Ostend, who turned cart-wheels for his amusement, whilst he scattered amongst them the surplus revenues of Persia. He withdrew from their persistence after a time; but his quick eye detecting two urchins who were not as agile as their fellows because they were lame, he sent for them, and having satisfied himself that they were lame (this ought to gladden the heart of the Charity Organisation Society), he gave each of them a louis. Some Indian prince in England had the happy idea of sending the Shah a present of English fruit, superb grapes and peaches—is it not well known that there are no grapes and peaches like ours?—and the Shah, to whom this was not well known, expressed his delighted astonishment that a barren island, where the sun never shines, should have produced such marvels. I glow with patriotic fervour over those peaches, and disdain to ask who had tried to poison the Shah's mind with slander against the English climate.

The grouse story, I think, has already found its way into print. With a purely political object, of course,

somebody (probably Mr. Balfour) sent the Shah some Scotch grouse. He ate a brace, and remarked that the grouse reminded him of a certain Persian bird he had often shot, but was much more tender and succulent. (Hail, bonnie Scotland!) But that is not all. The Shah is a famous trencherman, but he is also a man of sentiment, and much as he relished the grouse, he was still better pleased with the lovely Scottish heather in which the birds were packed. He had this made into bouquets, and I have no doubt that he will carry home with him to Persia bits of the native heath that has nursed Macgregors and many other Scots who have made a thundering noise in every part of the world. Don't you see the perfidy of Britain in this incident? If Russia should neglect her plain duty, the sagacious M. Valfrey, of the *Figaro*, ought to point out to the Czar's Ministers the necessity of demanding an explanation from the Foreign Office.

Anarchists may be interested to know that the Shah is an all-round excellent shot. On the sands at Ostend he amused himself by sniping at glass bottles. The test of skill is absolute, failure or success; flattery has no obscuring opportunities; and, as it happened, the goody company of courtiers were not put to the strain of witnessing in disconcerting silence the misses of their monarch, for he nearly always hit the mark, and the click of the rifle was followed by the crack of the splintered bottle—music to the ears. The photographer in whose favour the Shah made a pause in his play used his opportunities to advantage. The grouping is excellent, and the very backs turned upon the camera are expressive as a study of *Forain's*.

When the Shah came to Europe he was depressed, I understand, to find that none of the eminent personages he encountered was familiar with his native tongue. Nobody speaks Persian in these latitudes except the members of the Omar Khayyâm Club; and the real bitterness of the Shah's disappointment in being compelled to omit England from his present itinerary is due to the thought that he cannot have an ambrosial evening with the O.K.C. at Frascati's in Oxford Street. But I am forgetting one accomplished linguist to whom the languages of the East are as easy as breathing; for when the Shah came to Ostend, and took up his quarters amidst the spacious halls and colonnades of the Royal Palace Hotel, he was welcomed in the purest Persian by the director, M. Luigi. This remarkable man, who, although well on in life, is still as alert as an eagle, spent thirty-five years in Egypt, and has a more extensive knowledge of the great world, I suppose, than anybody living except, of course, M. de Blowitz. In Egypt, Luigi was a popular institution, and his name was as potent as Palmerston's. He might have donned the habit of a sheik, and led the Arabs to Paradise. The youthful Oriental in scarlet pantaloons who makes my Turkish coffee after dinner must be the son of a Bedouin chief, weaned by Luigi from the romantic but perilous habits of his forefathers.

There is no reason to suspect that, when in Egypt, M. Luigi was not well-affected to the British Government, and yet I can easily imagine that the Foreign Office may have been uneasy at his influence. Arabi gave us a lot of trouble; but Luigi could have kindled a bigger flame than Arabi's. Have you ever thought what a formidable person Mr. Cook might become in Egypt? He is the true Mahdi of the Nile, and if he had a fancy to establish a Bedouin Empire, everybody black or brown would acknowledge his sceptre. I say it is a mercy that M. Luigi and Mr. Cook did not conspire to divide Egypt between them; and I wonder that the French Press, usually so vigilant, has not discovered that the British Government had to remove another of its dangerous rivals. Arabi is in Ceylon, and Luigi is at Ostend; and as he talked Persian to the Shah, I guess that the Russian Government has its eye on him. Moreover, among many decorations, he possesses, I believe, the Siamese Order of the White Elephant, which qualifies him to multiply wives and debts—in Siam. As France has considerable interests in that country, M. Delcassé must be watching M. Luigi night and day. The object of this European solicitude seems to have no cares, but manages a great hotel with consummate diligence and courtesy, keeping his dreams of empire for the refreshment of his privacy.

I have the utmost sympathy with protests against the disfigurement of scenery by advertisements; but I doubt whether any protest will avail. The commercial spirit of the age is not going to be quelled by sentiment. You find a lovely bit of landscape defiled by the irrelevant assertion in huge letters that somebody's pills are the best in creation. What is the use of complaining to the person who lets the space for this monstrosity? He is well paid, and that is all he cares about. I see that Swiss landlords are threatened with the withdrawal of patronage if they do not set their faces against these advertisements; but they will treat the threat as empty, as indeed it is. Favourite parts of Switzerland will never be deserted on account of a few ugly hoardings. There is another remedy. Let us have a secret brotherhood for the destruction of these eyesores. An axe, a stout arm, and a little whitewash would make an end of them. The commercial spirit would shriek for the law and the police; but who would care a fig?

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The situation in China has not, to outward seeming, developed importantly during the last week. The natural sequel of such an operation as the advance of the Allied forces on Peking is a period of enforced inaction so far as the troops immediately engaged are concerned. But there are considerations involved, and undercurrents flowing, which may render this period of even more vital interest than the harrowing time in which the fate of the Legations was trembling in the balance, and civilisation was, for the moment, powerless in the presence of barbarism, backed up by natural obstacles. Already there are indications of that grave conflict of international interests which is chiefly to be feared in connection with the Chinese crisis. The charming unanimity which ostensibly marked the advance of the European, American, Indian, and Japanese contingents on the Chinese capital is giving way to a suggestive independence on the part of more than one Power, which distinctly tends to a situation infinitely more serious than that which prompted the projection of a comparatively small army of mixed troops from Tientsin to the relief of the oppressed and beleaguered Legations.

From the military standpoint there is nothing worth chronicling of real instructiveness so far as regards what has happened since the Allied forces broke through the walls of Peking. Indistinct rumour points to an interception of the communications, a matter of small moment when the circumstances are taken into consideration. Where the enemy are incapable of taking advantage of such obvious points in their favour as a weak line of communications running through a difficult country affords, it may be safely calculated that after a smart success, such as the capture of Peking, has been obtained, no hostile effort of any real significance will be achieved. We hear of desultory fighting round Tientsin, but it has been altogether in the favour of the Allied forces, and, in any case, an attack upon a well-defended base is very much less formidable than a brisk descent upon a vulnerable line of communications.

Apart from such details as have been provided of the capture of Peking—an operation, it would seem, of a rough-and-ready and rather Oriental description generally—the operations in the Chi-li province are at a standstill, if we except the reported pursuit of the fugitive Imperial party by the Japanese cavalry, surely not worth considering from a professional standpoint. The Empress is evidently making for the Shen-si province, whither the Japanese cavalry cannot possibly follow her, and for the present there is no necessity to look at the situation in and around from any point of view except that of complete complacency.

But the same remark does not entirely apply to other sections of the vast area in which our own interests in China are concerned. In the Yangtse region the landing of the second British Brigade has produced a better feeling so far as we, nationally speaking, are concerned. But the temporary self-assertion of British authority in a contested sphere of this kind is discounted by the extraordinary progress of the Russian operations in Manchuria, which have resulted in some striking recent developments. In a word, Russia has indicated her intention of annexing Manchuria, regardless, or, perhaps, in full and careful contemplation, of the fact that such a process will mean certain war with Japan.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It would be difficult to describe a more hopelessly unsatisfactory military situation than that which exists at the present moment in South Africa. There is every chance that at any moment the prospect may alter completely, and that a condition of affairs which appears to have been largely due to a too hesitating military policy on our part may suddenly become all that we could wish it to be. But it must be regretfully admitted that this closing operation—as let us hope it will be—of the Second Boer War is not as dignified and impressive as it should be. When the number of British troops available is taken into consideration, and the gradually waning influence of Mr. Kruger is brought into the reckoning, it cannot but be confessed that this last movement is giving us more trouble than it should have done, especially as for weeks past the objective has been clearly defined.

The whole situation in South Africa may be summarised in a few words, but whether any summary will give an accurate description of the actual facts is another matter. Probably the extremely mixed operations to the west and north of Pretoria—in which De Wet appears as a will-o'-the-wisp of the most confusing sort—will never be satisfactorily elucidated. We have been outmanoeuvred most dexterously, and it is far more to our credit to confess our failure than to make excuses for unquestioned incapacity to "get even with" a thoroughly smart and, perhaps, at times unscrupulous opponent.

Roughly speaking, what has happened is this. To the west of Pretoria the chase of De Wet has failed, but our want of success in this direction has been partially relieved by the capture in the Orange River Colony of Commandant Olivier, who, it will be remembered, escaped from the Bethlehem district with about 1000 men at the time of Prinsloo's surrender to General Hunter. The success is significant as practically closing the operations in the Orange River Colony, which have taken up a good deal more time and attention than they ought to have taken up, looking at them from the purely strategical point of view.

For the rest, General Buller, following the lines indicated in last week's summary, has continued his advance, and, joining hands with French and Pole-Carew, has pressed the enemy closely at Belfast, and has scored a decided success at Bergendal. The military situation depends entirely upon the line of retreat adopted by the Boers. If this, as formerly arranged, leads into the Lydenburg district, we have a deal of added trouble before us. If the retreat is to Barberton, we have Boerdon in the hollow of our hand, and the end of September will see the close of the war.

FROM THE HAYSTACK.

SOME RECORD OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

The ascent of the haystack is difficult. To take it by storm is to destroy the symmetry so dear to the farmer's eye; a slow ascent leads to undignified tumbles; a small ladder affords the best solution to the problem of reaching the top, where there is a view that embraces the secret place of the sunset in a hollow of the hills. To the west the church spire and water tower of the time-honoured town of Waychester, and far to the south the little river Whitewater, a narrow stream glorified by the sunset as it plashes merrily over clean stones on its ceaseless journey to the sea. This part of Landshire has few visitors; you could not count a dozen through all the hours of a sunny day in June; farmers grumble and thrive in the few houses of any pretension that dot the landscape; their labourers, "passing rich on forty pounds a year," raise sturdy families in wooden cottages with red tiles set in gardens where primrose and daffodil greet the spring; fuchsias, roses, and hollyhocks find most favour in summer-time; and autumn sees apple, plum, and pear trees yielding no small harvest to swell the thrifty housewife's store.

This evening I can see the carter working in his hill-side garden silhouetted against the sky; apart from him no human being is in sight. I have pulled up the ladder, so that my position is comparatively impregnable. Scamp, the terrier, sworn foe to rats and mice, sits at attention. A rug that has seen service beyond the boundaries of Europe will serve to defy the chill hours that precede the dawn. I watch the night come in fair guise to the countryside.

The afterglow fades, stealing the amethyst and turquoise and lapis-lazuli from the heart of heaven; blackbird, mavis, and others of the countless woodland choir cease their song; I note the carter leave his garden, and soon a solitary lamp shines from his kitchen. The carter has a four-roomed cottage and a large family, but his wife contrives to keep one room sacred. It is the sitting-room, and boasts oleographs and colour-prints on the walls, ancient antimacassars on hard, awkward chairs, some admirable illuminated text-rolls, and a stand of wax flowers under a glass bowl on a table in the centre of the room. On Christmas Day this room is used by the family and relatives, on the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year it stands in solitary grandeur, while the family lives cramped in the kitchen.

The stars become visible in the heavens and the rabbits begin their evening gambols in the field below. Down on the straw-covered outhouse some thirty yards away, where noisy irrepressible starlings tear holes in the thatch to make their ragged nest, a hawk swoops suddenly. In less time than it takes to record his visit he has pounced upon a young starling and carried it away dead; but the parent birds give no sign of regret or anger, and the little tragedy does nothing to destroy the harmony of the evening. Later, a rabbit screams across the field—there is a stampede for home. I see the vague outline of bunny passing by the hedge; he is calling piteously, doubtless a stoat is on his track. To be sure, bunny could run twenty yards while the stoat covered five, but, to make up for his disadvantages, Nature has given the stoat a power of fascinating his victim, not entirely dissimilar to the power possessed by a snake, so that when he pursues a rabbit poor bunny can only travel at quarter speed, bewailing his fate until it is accomplished. Mankind may become humanitarian; Nature remains merciless, granting survival to the fittest as though ignorant or intolerant of the Humanitarian League.

Complete silence follows the seizure of the rabbit, silence only broken by the faint sound of a dog's bark in some remote farmstead. Then, without word of warning, I have a visitor. From the hedgerow oak three fields away, where he has an ill-smelling home, an ugly wife, and a hideous family, the brown owl comes suddenly to seek his supper in the stack. So accustomed is he to find the road clear that he does not use his big eyes to the best advantage, and is almost within reach of my hand before he discovers how his storehouse has been invaded. With a hoot that may express displeasure, defiance, surprise, or any other emotion that comes most naturally to an owl, he turns easily and gracefully away and seeks the great barley-field, flying so low that he must well-nigh touch the ears with his breast-feathers.

"Gracious as the golden maiden moon, When darkness craves her blessing." Not in house or garden, near or amid artificial light, and with friends by one's side, does the true significance of Swinburne's lines reveal itself, but on the earth's forsaken places, be they in African desert or quiet country-side of rural England. For some hours the scene glows with a beauty that has perhaps received its most permanent record at the hands of Hobbema, Ruysdael, and a few other of the old Dutch Masters. The hours are no whit inferior to their brethren of the afternoon that greet our idlest summer moods in quiet woods, by a river's side, or shaded old-world gardens with the trim lawns, ripe red-brick walls, fruit-laden, sundials and rose pleasaunce, so essentially English. I remain enraptured with the silence and the light, until the moon has passed along her appointed way and the stars seem to grow cold in their spheres, and a faint wind springs up. The travelling-rug is called upon. Scamp makes himself comfortable in the straw, and sleeps with one ear and eye ready for emergencies.

I wake with a sudden start. In the bushes by the field's edge song-birds, uncertain of the hour, are sounding a few notes, as though in preparation for matin-song. From the fowl-house the imprisoned lords of the harem are calling with no uncertain voice. I looked to the east to see how "the still morn went out with sandals grey," and soon the sunrise paints the heavens in manner wonderful to see. The morning air is keen and fresh, and vibrates with the sounds of life as I descend by the ladder and tramp over the rich dew-laden grass, through the garden where industrious bees have commenced their daily labour, and into the red-tiled house.

S. L. B.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IN THE SOUP," AT THE STRAND.

When was it that a farce-writer last hit on the idea of husband and wife leasing their flat respectively to two different sets of tenants? The answer to the question is of little moment, save as proving the lack of originality which the late Mr. Ralph Lumley displayed when he chose this as the ground notion of his latest farce, "In the Soup," just recently produced at the Strand Theatre. Nor does it really matter that the dramatist pairs off his characters according to sex—two sets of lovers, one married and the other set engaged, two elderly married folk, and two wedded servants—with an almost exasperating uniformity, leaving to one creation alone, the inevitable returned uncle from foreign parts, the function of causing general disturbance and confusion among the nicely assorted couples. For though the anticipated objection of the truculent Indian judge to his nephew's needy marriage, the former infatuation of the judge for the rival lessee, future mother-in-law of his nephew's friend, and the necessity for the young married pair's acting as servants to their two sets of tenants, are all essentially artificial. Mr. Lumley has hit on a very ludicrous and seemingly novel central situation. This occurs when the hero's wife, compelled to act as cook, mixes her husband's sleeping draught with the soup she serves at dinner, and discovers, to the persons most nearly concerned, two wrongly arranged pairs—the judge and his married flame, the sham butler and his friend's fiancée—asleep in compromising positions. Moreover, the third act—though, thanks to an abundance of a *double entente*, it is a little less innocent than its predecessors, and though it relies on the conventional arrangement of a pair of barristers' chambers, separated by the customary corridor, to which all the *dramatis personae* repair—does not let down the fun perceptibly, however mechanical may be its general scheme. Meantime, the miserable bewilderment of Mr. James Welch as the much-enduring hero; the vivacity of Miss Carrie Cronyn as the masquerading sham cook; the oily impudence of Mr. Victor Widdicombe as the rebellious valet; the pretty accent of dainty Miss Audrey Ford as a French ingénue; and the quaint humour of Mr. Wyes, who quotes as a Parisian citizen the instructions of a French and English conversation book—not to mention Mr. Beauchamp's explosive tantrums as the uncomfortable judge—are all very legitimately diverting.

The Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition, which is the highest possible award, has been obtained by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, of Perth and London.

A diploma has been awarded by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition to Messrs. Scrubb and Co. for their preparation of ammonia, which has obtained so high a reputation as a toilet requisite. The decision is rather a remarkable one, as awards are seldom given for simple exhibits of any special preparation or medicine.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

DONCASTER RACES, SEPT. 11, 12, 13, and 14.

On MONDAY, Sept. 10, a Three or Five Days' SPECIAL EXPRESS EXCURSION to DONCASTER will leave LONDON (Marylebone) at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., reaching Doncaster about 2.15 and 6.30 p.m. Three Days' Passengers return from St. James's Bridge on Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 5.45 p.m., and Five Days' Passengers on Friday, Sept. 14, at 5.5 and 5.55 p.m.

On WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12 (Lege Day), a One or Three Days' SPECIAL EXPRESS will leave LONDON (Marylebone) at 7.25 a.m., reaching Doncaster about 11.50 a.m. One Day Passengers return from St. James's Bridge on Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 5.45 p.m., and Three Days' Passengers on Friday, Sept. 14, at 5.5 and 5.55 p.m.

On FRIDAY, Sept. 14 (Cup Day), a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave LONDON (Marylebone) at 7.25 a.m., reaching Doncaster about 11.50 a.m., returning from St. James's Bridge at 5.5 and 5.55 p.m. same day.

First and Third Class Single Tickets at Ordinary Fares will also be issued by the above trains.

For the convenience of passengers and to avoid the crowd at Doncaster Station, the above trains will arrive at and depart from St. James's Bridge Station, where commodious accommodation has been provided.

For full particulars see Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Receiving Offices, or Marylebone Station, and at Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Chancery Lane, London.

WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

THE EMPIRE'S PART IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

1899-1900.

IN VIEW OF THE APPROACHING COMPLETION OF HOSTILITIES, THE PROPRIETORS OF

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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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DEATH.

On Aug. 22, at Great Malvern, General Nathaniel Harrison Harris, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, U.S.A.

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THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

CRANBORN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, MR. H. F. MOSS. SERVICE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

PERSONAL.

General Sir Charles Warren, who reached London at the end of last week, has had a sort of newspaper Spion Kop to fight over again. The pleasant company of a News Agency representative on board his homeward-bound steamer has had its consequences. Though Sir Charles did not authorise any statement about his defence against the censure of Sir Redvers Buller, yet the correspondent was able to say what Sir Charles himself some day intended to say. An aide-de-camp perhaps directed some of the operations, and then the commander is not able to speak at first hand. The result is that there are varying versions about what was done and what was said. Sir Charles, from the classic halls of the Athenaeum Club, takes a hand in the newspaper fray, but only to impugn the accuracy of some of the untimely statements put forth on his behalf.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B., the new Commanding Officer at the Nore, was born in 1838, and was the son of Mr. John Kennedy, who acted as our Chargé d'Affaires at Naples. Sir William took his Lientenancy in 1857, and his Captaincy in 1874. He became Rear-Admiral in 1889, and Vice-Admiral in 1896. Sir William has always been known as a keen sportsman, and the books that bear his name on their title-pages proclaim his prepossessions. He is the author of "Sporting Adventures in the Pacific," of "Sport-Travel in Newfoundland," and of "Sporting in South America." Sir William, who lives near Daventry, dates his knighthood from the Diamond Jubilee Year, 1897.



Photo. Russell.
ADMIRAL KENNEDY,
New Commanding Officer at the Nore.

The Earl of Denbigh, who has gone on duty this week as Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen, is one of the very few men in whom English and Hapsburg honours converge. Of his home titles, some are sufficiently unfamiliar—that, for instance, of Lord St. Lys. The Earldom of Desmond is too historic an accessory to be lost sight of; and if its present owner were a less busy man, he would make time habitually to sign himself Denbigh and Desmond.

The rumours of war in South Africa are beginning to succeed rumours of peace. They are many and they are variable. Sir Redvers Buller, it is said, still hopes to eat his excellent Christmas dinner in Devon. So be it. Lord Roberts, to whose portion a Dukedom is thrown in by some chroniclers, is, by others, brought back to England by October in order to step into the shoes of Lord Wolseley, whose tenure of the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army ceases at that date.

Dr. Sven Anders Hedin, whose latest work as an explorer has been lately brought prominently before the public, was born in Stockholm in 1865. In that city, where his father was famous as an architect, he began his education, and continued it in Berlin. He was a Doctor of Philosophy when he set forth on his first great journey—through Persia and Mesopotamia. In 1890 he was a member of King Oscar's Embassy to the late Shah of Persia, and the next seven years found him a wanderer through Khorassan and



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
DR. SVEN HEDIN.

Turkestan, and again through Asia, from Orenburg to Peking, by way of Lop-nor and Tibet. With Dr. Sven Hedin every journey has had its sequel in a book. His headquarters are still at Stockholm, and when he is in London he is a welcome honorary member of the Royal Societies Club.

Mr. Ruskin's friends are divided in opinion about the proposal to place a memorial bust of him in the Abbey. Mr. Cook, editor of the *Daily News* and expert in Ruskin, is for it, but on the other side is Mr. Sydney Cockerell, who knew the mind of the master perhaps better than any other man. Lady Burne-Jones refuses to be a subscriber, and Miss Octavia Hill is with her in opposition; but Mr. Wedderburn, Q.C., ranges himself with the memorialists. After all, there are busts and busts; and a little lively faith in the production of a worthy one, really suited to its environment in the Abbey, might overcome some of the scruples and fears of the dissentients. Someone has written: "There is no man of worth or heart who would not feel it a high and priceless reward that his statue should be placed where it might remind the youth of England of what had been exemplary in his life or useful in his labours." The writer of those words was John Ruskin; and they seem to point to the adoption of Mr. Cockerell's compromise—the erection of a medallion of Ruskin in the Turner Room of the British Museum.

The death of General Sir John Adaye, G.C.B., took place at Crag-side, Rothbury, the residence of his friend, Lord Armstrong,

with whom he had naturally had long association in connection with the making of guns. Born at Sevenoaks in 1819, he never hesitated in adopting the career of his father, Major J. P. Adaye, R.A., and his name soon began to be known. He served as A.A.G. of Artillery throughout the Crimean War; and also during the Indian Mutiny. The Afghan Frontier War of 1868 gave him other experiences; and in 1882 he was appointed Chief of the Staff and second in command of the Expedition to Egypt. He took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and had the thanks of Parliament. All this time the intervals of peace had been successively filled by him as Director of Artillery, as Governor of the Royal Military Academy, as Surveyor-General of Ordnance, as Governor of Gibraltar, and as Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery. Sir John Adaye was mighty with pen as well as gun, his "Recollections of Military Life" being his most popular book. He took a keen part in the controversies of the day, especially as to ordnance; and he had at one time the ambition, which was not gratified, to enter Parliament in the Liberal interest.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR J. ADAYE.

Staff-Captain Albert J. Neville, R.N., who died at Pembroke Dock the other day, is described as having been the oldest navigating officer in the British Navy. He took his Sub-Lieutenancy about forty years ago, becoming a Staff Commander in 1877, and a Staff Captain in 1894. He was Queen's Harbour-Master at Pembroke Dockyard, and he had personal charge of the Queen's new yacht when she was launched last May by the Duchess of York. At that time he was already suffering from illness, and it was in Pembroke Dockyard, close to the scene of his daily duty, that he died.



Photo. Tridell, Pembroke.
THE LATE STAFF-CAPTAIN A. J. NEVILLE,
Queen's Harbour-Master, Pembroke.

Mrs. Chamberlain, the sister-in-law of the Colonial Secretary, who has lately returned from South Africa, is anxious to offer evidence before the Hospital Commissioners on their return to England. Meantime, Mrs. Chamberlain makes no secret of the trend of her evidence, for she associates herself with all Mr. Burdett-Conn's charges, and adds a postscript of her own. Lady Sykes may perhaps also wish to go into the witness-box, despite her belief that any lady who tells the truth about the treatment of the sick and wounded at the war must be prepared to have her moral character assailed. In all this byplay we may yet get at the true inwardness of Mr. Treves's "plague of women" phrase.

While land is passing out of cultivation in England, Ireland has the good fortune to yield a contrary record. According to the figures for 1900, just issued by Mr. W. P. Coyne, the Superintendent of the Statistical Branch of the Department of Agriculture in Ireland, the total area under crops shows this year an increase of 31,000 acres.

Professor Charles Henry Oliver, the President of the Imperial College at Peking, one of "the dead returned to life," has for many years been a familiar figure in the Celestial capital. Of old he was known in Ireland. Though he was born in Dublin, his father, the Rev. John Oliver, was a Belfast man; and in the Queen's College there, the future Professor won the Porter Scholarship and the Queen's Prize. He was then eighteen, and a year later he graduated B.A. as double Gold Medallist in mathematical and in experimental sciences. His coming-of-age he commemorated by taking his M.A. degree, as a double Gold Medallist again—an achievement equalled in the career of only one other



Photo. Abernethy, Belfast.
PROFESSOR C. H. OLIVER,
President of the Imperial College, Peking.

graduate of the college. The Professorship of English in the Tung-wén-Kwan was then offered by Sir Robert Hart to Mr. Oliver, who took up its duties in 1879. Five years later he was made Vice-President of the college, and succeeded to the Presidency a few months later. His wife, who died several years ago, was a daughter of Dr. Dudgeon, of Peking, author of "The Miraculous Method of Taking Off the Shadow"—nothing more occult than a book on photography. Professor Oliver and his two children returned to Peking, after a long leave in Ireland, only last April.

Members of Parliament seem to be settling down to their business and play with no General Election agents to dog their steps. Indeed, Conservative members anxious to go abroad for two or three months have been assured by Captain Middleton, the party manager, that they may depart in peace.

Telegraphing from Pretoria on Aug. 22, Lord Roberts refers to a fight between General Baden-Powell and Commandant Grobler: "Baden-Powell and the enemy's advanced guards galloped into each other; the Rhodesian Regiments suffered severely, Lieutenant-Colonel Spreckley and four men being killed." Though not found in the Army List, the name of Spreckley is high on the roll of those who have done hard service in the war; and his death is deeply regretted. Born in 1865, he went to South Africa as an ostrich-farmer, and then joined the British Bechuanaland Police. Later he served as Quartermaster in the South Africa Company's Expedition to Mashonaland, fought on two occasions against the Matabele, and in 1896 commanded the Bulawayo Field Force. As manager of the Willoughby Consolidated Company at Bulawayo he had a great interest in the country and in the preservation of peace. But when the British and Boers went to war for the last time Lieutenant-Colonel Spreckley was found by the side of old comrades and friends, and was present at the relief of Mafeking.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SPRECKLEY,
Killed near Pienars River.

One of the most disastrous fires which have occurred in recent years to a London church broke out last week in St. James the Great, Bethnal Green. The organ, which cost eight hundred guineas, was completely destroyed. We observe that the organ is described as "a magnificent instrument," but it may be taken for granted that a still finer one will replace it. An American Congregational Minister informed the writer the other day that the new organ in his church cost £2000. St. James's was recently restored at great expense.

Captain George Marshall, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, who recently died of wounds received in action near Kumasi, was the third son of Colonel T. H. Marshall, C.B., late 3rd Militia Battalion Cheshire Regiment, and honorary Colonel 3rd Volunteer Battalion Cheshire Regiment. Captain Marshall, after being educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, obtained his commission in the 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment in 1889. He served with the battalion at Gibraltar, Malta, and in India, where he took part in the Chitral Relief Expedition under Sir Robert Low, receiving the medal and clasp. Last year he went to the Gold Coast on special employment under the Colonial Office, and, on his way home invalided, had reached Prahu when the Ashanti revolt broke out. He at once returned to Kumasi, and during the siege received, in two attacks, the wounds which cost his country his life at the age of thirty-one.



Photo. Lafayette.
THE LATE CAPTAIN G. MARSHALL,
Died of Wounds, Kumasi.

Lady Currie still signs "Violet Fane" when she publishes a poem. This she has just done in the pages of the *Italian Review*, a magazine printed in Italy in the English tongue and advocating many of the reforms, especially in laws and usages relating to women, which are associated particularly with the Anglo-Saxon race. The new magazine, which Queen Margherita joins the British Ambassador in fostering, is edited by Madame Zampini Salazar, who is now on a visit to London.

The venerable Canon Carter contributes to the *Church Times* an interesting letter on the early connection of the late Archdeacon Furse with the House of Mercy, Clewer. He devoted himself especially to rescue work among the degraded population of the parish. In those days the future Archdeacon was known as Wellington Johnson, the family afterwards taking the name of the Archdeacon's mother.

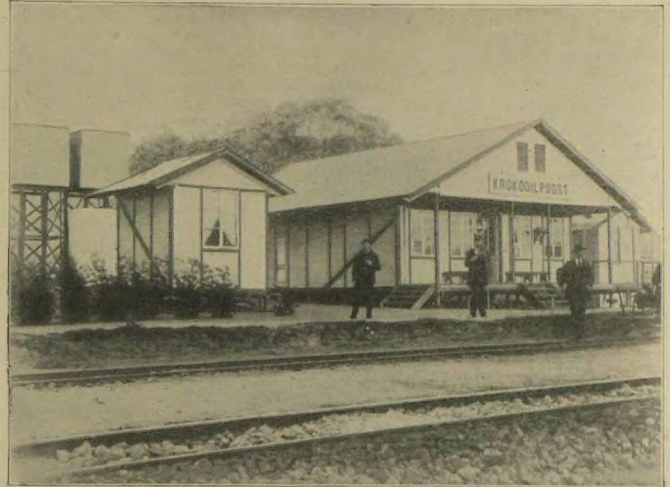
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THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES OF THE BOER RETIREMENT.

Photographs by F. Outridge.



AVOCA STATION, ON BARBERTON BRANCH LINE.



KROKODIL POORT STATION, ON PRETORIA-DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.



WATERVAL-BOVEN STATION.



WATERVAL-ONDER STATION AND RESTAURANT BUILDINGS.



WATERVAL-ONDER, WHITHER ALL BOER OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS HAVE BEEN REMOVED.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHINESE WAR PICTURES.

Incidents on the road to Tientsin readily lent themselves to the pencils of artists who accompanied the Allied forces. One such drawing shows the Yangtsun Railway Bridge, which the troops reached only to find that the rail had been torn up and thrown into the river. Happily, they captured four junks just as the Boxers were filling them with sleepers for a journey down the river. These four junks, which were small ones and had their bows quickly filled with the force's provisions and ammunition, were apportioned to the Allies—one to the French, one to the Germans, and two—a significant circumstance—to mixed crews of British and Americans. One little mishap there was—the overloading of one of the junks to a point at which a 6-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing gun had to be ruthlessly thrown overboard. The wounded were put on board, and then the brigade, abandoning all surplus baggage, marched along the river-banks, accompanied by a few coolies and railway-men. The river—a tidal one—goes through a flat country, with mud embankments and a few trees, which offered shelter to the troops while they took a little rest during the enforced delay of the transfer of stores from the railway to the river.

The enemy, this time, is seen at rest in another illustration. Again the country is very flat, so that the long poles of the picturesque standards, swathed in the bunting, lie level as railway-lines along the field. In a more business-like mood are the Boxer warriors seen in the muster at the camp of Woosung, near Shanghai. Their banners are held on high; and if the Mauser is not so

much in evidence as in the other scene, where it is stacked in European fashion, there is an abundance of implements of war of a sort that, though obsolete in action, are at least formidable on paper. At once pictorial and effective is the appearance of the various French mercenaries, of whom an illustration is given—the Annamite, the Tonkinese, and the Algerian riflemen, among the

General Adalbert Hay, of the United States, standing on the departure platform, to give last good-byes to the Military Attachés. Another group of returners-home is shown at a later stage of the journey on board the *Briton*. Mr. Battersby, the well-known war-correspondent, and the Duke of Marlborough—whose cousin is not unknown as a war-correspondent—make two

of the trio; the third figure, with its frank assumption of comradeship proper to the moment, being that of Lady Arthur Grosvenor. Yet a third class of passengers from Pretoria—a large one of late-consists of prisoners of war, for a number of whom preparations have been made at Diyatalawa, in Ceylon. We give a picture of the huts, that are finely situated in the midst of hill country and on the banks of a stream. The recent reports of a month's wet weather and high winds at Deadwood may easily make Ceylon, and its "vales of Arabi," a popular substitute for St. Helena in the minds of the transported burghers.

The burial of thousands of British dead in South Africa hallows the soil for a great company of mourners at home. Already memorials mark the scattered spots where the heroes of hot fights lie at peace. Among our illustrations are the grave of Lieutenant the Hon. Hugh Lygon and the large cross that



MAP OF THE PRETORIA AND RUSTENBURG DISTRICTS ILLUSTRATING RECENT MOVEMENTS.

By Captain J. Stevenson.

rest. With these is seen in the background their European comrade, the French marine.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES.

There is no mistaking your destination when you reach Pretoria Station. Its sign-board signals to the eye, even when, as in our picture, it is looked at from a long distance by the group of the military in occupation. A view in Pretoria Station itself shows Consul-

goes by the name of the Guards' Memorial. A military funeral also is depicted—a rite appropriately performed in the vicinity of Rest Camp.

Not without a bearing on matters much under discussion are the pictures which illustrate the experiences of a wounded soldier sent down from the Front to the Wynberg hospitals. The garrison station was converted into No. 1 General Hospital, with accommodation for 650 patients. Soon a second hospital, made of 100 tents, was set up on the cricket-field and golf-links, for the reception of 600



THE SHAH AT OSTEND: HIS MAJESTY ENJOYING RIFLE PRACTICE AT GLASS BOTTLES ON THE SANDS.

See "Our Note Book."

Photo. Gunn and Stewart.

more. The early fights in Natal yielded only flourishing patients. Not until the end of November, after Lord Methuen's fights on the Modder River, did the hospital death-roll begin. General Typhoid and General Dysentery soon began to prove more deadly foes than even De Wet with his dynamite-gun. With the cessation of the hot weather comes a cessation of enteric fever; and few additions will need to be made to the 170 hillocks that mark the mortality among 15,000 Wynberg patients.

TRANSVAAL TOPOGRAPHY.

Strategic movements are governed by the topography of a country. Thus the accompanying military survey of the district round Pretoria will better exemplify the positions and movements of our troops. Witwatersrand, the Johannesburg goldfields range, is the watershed of the Transvaal, and runs west from Lichtenburg to Ermelo in the east—forming the country's natural strategic key. Pretoria lies in a valley between the Klein Witwatersrand to the south and the Pretorian Hills to the north. They run parallel to the parent range, and east and west. The other ranges to the north bear similar positions and the same directions; for general purposes they



BARRICADE BEFORE THE BRITISH
BARRACKS AT TIENTSIN.

Three Photographs supplied by J. S. Wallace,
San Francisco.



A STREET IN TIENTSIN.

terminate east and west at the Crocodile and Pienaars Rivers respectively. The former is extensive and broken to the south as far as Henöps River, where Lord Roberts fought the action of June 4. Magaliesberg, the principal

range, is five and a half miles north of Pretoria. At Deerdepoort they slant off at an apparent right angle south-east for some twelve miles, and to the east of this is the High Veldt, an undulating plateau spreading east to the Lydenburg Hills. On this stands Diamond Hill, the scene of the fighting on June 11 to 13. Two valleys creep up its steep and rugged sides, through which pass the main roads, in one of which Wolmarans's guns, ammunition, and gold were found buried. Five miles north the train winds up the Elands Valley. West of the Crocodile the Magaliesberg heads south-west to Oliphant's Nek, and then north-west behind Rustenburg to and over Elands River, Hore's trap. Zwartberg is the third range north of Pretoria. In it are the celebrated Pyramids (christened by a Boer who dreamt of the others), where the 7th Dragoons were sharply attacked and driven in, and occupied variously since. The Pyramids came into notice again on Aug. 20. On that day General De Wet was reported as having passed these hills and encamped fifteen miles north-east of Pretoria. Six miles north is Klein Witwatersberg, the demarcation of the bush veldt, occupied by the Boers in winter. Five parallel lines, with Pretoria midway to represent the Crocodile and Diamond Hill, west and east at right angles, will roughly indicate the

line of hills. The railway, as our strategic arteries, can be indicated by two straight lines cutting each other at right angles at Pretoria and facing the cardinal points.

Magaliesberg is our natural northern line of defence. There are only five poorts or neks fit for wheel-traffic. Starting from the east, we have Pienaars Poort, Babiaanspoort, and Deerdepoort. Wonderboom, now the main poort due north of Pretoria, has the main road cut in west side passing along the Appies banks. On the summit to the east stands the Wonderboom Fort, the first erected, commanding entrances to both valleys. Horn's Nek, five miles west, gave us considerable trouble till it was destroyed by Paget quite recently. Nitra's Nek appeared in our issue of Aug. 11. Commando Nek, in "B.-P.'s" command, might have been named "the top"; though a long ascent, it is yet a comparatively easy one, as will be seen in the sketch. Two miles west of Crocodile River, Oliphant's Nek, the scene of Ian Hamilton's engagement on the 17th, is decidedly broad, but treacherous—a "slim" nek that would not have disgraced an Olivier. Waterval, so bitterly associated with our prisoners, has been held as an advanced post to avoid Boers occupying



BURNING OF THE ARSENAL, TIENTSIN.

the Pyramids. There are a station, hotel, and store. There is a fair view looking towards Pretoria, embracing the Zwartberg, Magaliesberg, with its fort and poort, and the Pretorian Hills.
J. STEVENSON.



French Junk.

German Junk.

British and United States Junks.

THE EXPEDITION TO TIENTSIN: ABANDONMENT OF TRAINS ON JUNE 19 NEAR YANGTSUN.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. LITTLEJOHN, H.M.S. "CENTURION," WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION.

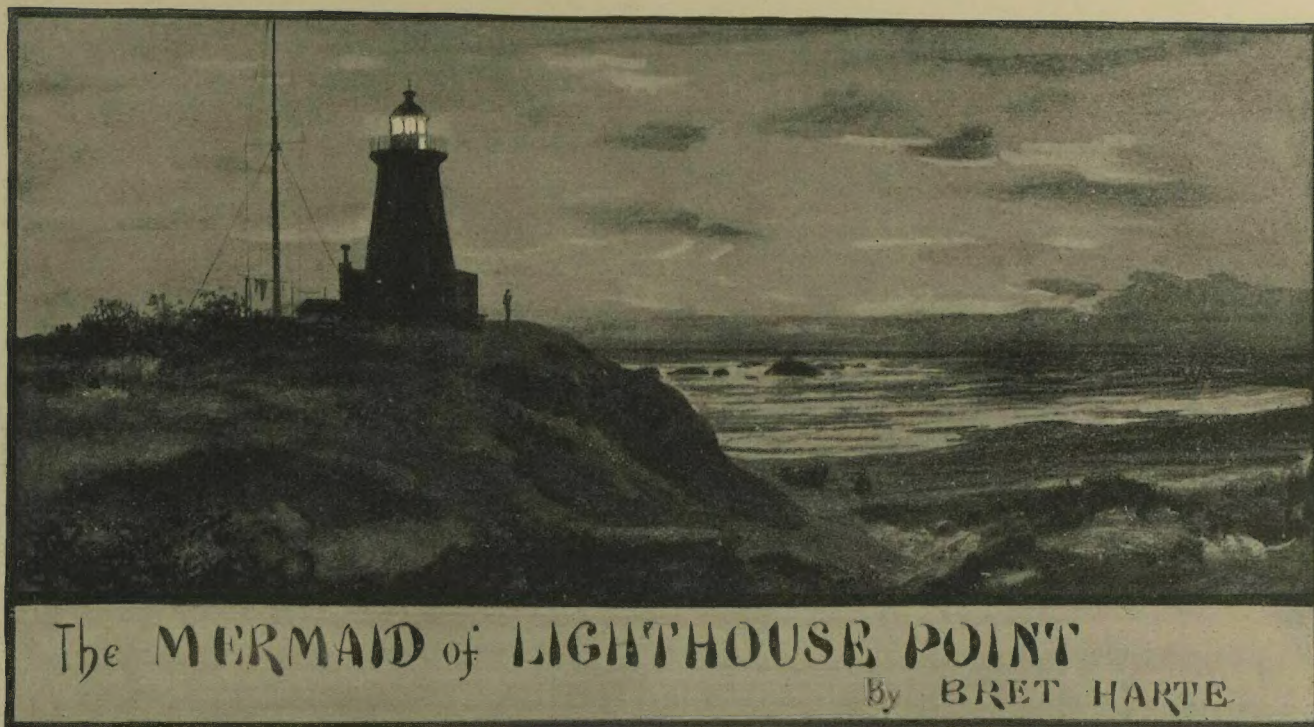
The junks were captured on June 17, just as the "Boers" were filling them with railway sleepers for transport down stream.



ATTACK ON THE TRAIN AT LANGFANG.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. LITTLEJOHNS, H.M.S. "CENTURION," WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION.

The "Boxers" occasionally came right up to the train, and were mowed down by the Maxim gun.



The MERMAID of LIGHTHOUSE POINT

By BRET HARTE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

SOME forty years ago, on the northern coast of California, near the Golden Gate, stood a lighthouse. Of a primitive class, since superseded by a building more in keeping with the growing magnitude of the adjacent port, it attracted little attention from the desolate shore, and, it was alleged, still less from the desolate sea beyond. A grey structure of timber, stone, and glass, it was buffeted and harried by the constant Trade Winds, baked by the unclouded six months' sun, lost for a few hours in the afternoon sea-fog, and laughed over by circling guillemots from the Farralleones. It was kept by a recluse—a preoccupied man of scientific tastes, who, in shameless contrast to his fellow immigrants, had applied to the Government for this scarcely lucrative position as a means of securing the seclusion he valued more than gold. Some believed that he was the victim of an early disappointment in love—a view charitably taken by those who also believed that the Government would not have appointed “a crank” to a position of responsibility. Howbeit, he fulfilled his duties, and, with the assistance of an Indian, even cultivated a small patch of ground beside the lighthouse. His isolation was complete! There was little to attract wanderers here: the nearest mines were fifty miles away; the virgin forest on the mountains inland was penetrated only by saw-mills and woodmen from the Bay settlements, equally remote. Although by the shore-line the lights of the great port were sometimes plainly visible, yet the solitude around him was peopled only by Indians—a branch of the great Northern tribe of “roof-diggers”—peaceful and simple in their habits, as yet undisturbed by the white man, nor stirred into antagonism by aggression. Civilisation only touched him at stated intervals, and then by the more expeditious sea from the Government boat that brought him supplies. But for his contiguity to the perpetual turmoil of wind and sea, he might have passed a restful Arcadian life in his surroundings. For even his solitude was sometimes haunted by this faint reminder of the great port, hard by that pulsed with an equal unrest. Nevertheless the sands before his door and the rocks behind him seemed to have been untrodden by any other white man's foot since their upheaval from the ocean. It was true that the little bay beside him was marked on the map as “Sir Francis Drake's Bay,” tradition having located it as the spot where that ingenious pirate and empire-maker had once landed his vessels and scraped the barnacles from his adventurous keels. But of this Edgar Pomfrey—or “Captain Pomfrey,” as he was called by virtue of his half-nautical office—had thought little.

For the first six months he had thoroughly enjoyed his seclusion. In the company of his books, of which he had brought such a fair store that their shelves lined his snug corners to the exclusion of more comfortable furniture, he found his principal recreation. Even his unwonted manual labour, the trimming of his lamp and cleaning of his reflectors, and his personal housekeeping, in which his Indian help at times assisted, he found a novel and interesting occupation. For outdoor exercise, a ramble on the sands, a climb to the rocky upland, or a pull in the lighthouse boat, amply sufficed him. “Crank” as he was supposed to be, he was sane enough to guard against any of those easy lapses into barbarism

which marked the lives of some solitary gold-miners. His own taste, as well as the duty of his office, kept his person and habitation sweet and clean, and his habits regular. Even the little cultivated patch of ground on the lee side of the tower was symmetrical and well ordered. Thus the outward light of Captain Pomfrey shone forth over the wilderness of shore and wave, even like his beacon, whatever his inward illumination may have been.

It was a bright summer morning, remarkable even in the monotonous excellence of the season, with a slight touch of warmth which the invincible North-West Trades had not yet chilled. There was still a faint haze off the coast, as if last night's fog had been caught in the quick sunshine, and the shining sands were hot, but without their usual dazzling glare. A faint perfume from a quaint lilac-coloured beach-flower, whose clustering heads dotted the sand like bits of blown spume, took the place of that smell of the sea which the odourless Pacific lacked. A few rocks, half a mile away, lifted themselves above the ebb tide at varying heights as they lay on the trough of the swell, were crested with foam by a striking surge, or cleanly erased in the full sweep of the sea. Beside, and partly upon one of the higher rocks, a singular object was moving.

Pomfrey was interested but not startled. He had once or twice seen seals disporting on these rocks, and on one occasion a sea-lion—an estray from the familiar rocks on the other side of the Golden Gate. But he ceased work in his garden patch, and coming to his house, exchanged his hoe for a telescope. When he got the mystery in focus he suddenly stopped and rubbed the object-glass with his handkerchief. But even when he applied the glass to his eye a second time, he could scarcely believe his eyesight. For the object seemed to be a woman, the lower part of her figure submerged in the sea, her long hair depending over her shoulders and waist. There was nothing in her attitude to suggest terror or that she was the victim of some accident. She moved slowly and complacently with the sea, and even—a more staggering suggestion—appeared to be combing out the strands of her long hair with her fingers. With her body half concealed she might have been a mermaid!

He swept the foreshore and horizon with his glass; there was neither boat nor ship—nor anything that moved, except the long swell of the Pacific. She could have come only from the sea—for to reach the rocks by land, she would have had to pass before the lighthouse, while the narrow strip of shore which curved northward beyond his range of view he knew was inhabited only by Indians. But the woman was unbesitatingly, appallingly white, and her hair light even to a golden gleam in the sunshine.

Pomfrey was a gentleman, and as such was amazed, dismayed, and cruelly embarrassed. If she was a simple bather from some vicinity hitherto unknown, and unsuspected by him, it was clearly his business to shut up his glass and go back to his garden patch—although the proximity of himself and the lighthouse must have been as plainly visible to her as she was to him. On the other hand, if she was the survivor of some wreck and in distress—or, as he even fancied from her reckless manner, bereft of her senses, his duty to rescue her was equally clear. In his dilemma he determined upon a compromise and ran to his boat. He would pull out to sea, pass between the rocks and the curving sand-spit, and examine

the sands and sea more closely for signs of wreckage, or some overlooked waiting boat near the shore. He would be within hail if she needed him, or she could escape to her boat if she had one.

In another moment his boat was lifting on the swell towards the rocks. He pulled quickly, occasionally turning to note that the strange figure, whose movements were quite discernible to the naked eye, was still there, but gazing more earnestly towards the nearest shore for any sign of life or occupation. In ten minutes he had reached the curve where the trend opened northward, and the long line of shore stretched before him. He swept it eagerly with a single searching glance. Sea and shore were empty. He turned quickly to the rock, scarcely a hundred yards on his beam. It was empty too! Forgetting his previous scruples, he pulled directly for it until his keel grated on its submerged base. There was nothing there but the rock, slippery with the yellow-green slime of seaweed and kelp—neither trace nor sign of the figure that had occupied it a moment ago. He pulled around it; there was no cleft or hiding-place. For an instant his heart leaped at the sight of something white, caught in a jagged tooth of the outlying reef, but it was only the bleached fragment of a bamboo orange-crate, cast from the deck of some South Sea trader, such as often strewn the beach. He lay off the rock, keeping way in the swell, and scrutinising the glittering sea. At last he pulled back to the lighthouse, perplexed and discomfited.

Was it simply a sporting seal, transformed by some trick of his vision? But he had seen it through his glass, and now remembered such details as the face and features framed in their contour of golden hair, and believed he could even have identified them. He examined the rock again with his glass, and was surprised to see how clearly it was outlined now in its barren loneliness. Yet he must have been mistaken. His scientific and accurate mind allowed of no errant fancy, and he had always sneered at the marvellous as the result of hasty or superficial observation. He was a little worried at this lapse of his healthy accuracy—fearing that it might be the result of his seclusion and loneliness—akin to the visions of the recluse and solitary. It was strange, too, that it should take the shape of a woman; for Edgar Pomfrey had a story—the usual old and foolish one.

Then his thoughts took a lighter phase, and he turned to the memory of his books, and finally to the books themselves. From a shelf he picked out a volume of old voyages, and turned to a remembered passage: “In other seas do abound marvellous soche as Sea Spiders of the bigness of a pinnacle, the wich they have been known to attack and destroy; Sea Vypers which reach to the top of a goodly maste, whereby they are able to draw mariners from the rigging by the suction of their breathes; and Devill Fyshe, which vomit fire by night which makyth the sea to shine prodigiously, and mermaidyes. They are half fyshe and half mayde of grate Beauty, and have been seen of divers godly and creditable witnesses swymming beside rocks, hidden to their waist in the sea, combing of their hayres, to the help of which they carry a small mirrore of the bigness of their fingers!” Pomfrey laid the book aside with a faint smile. To even this credulity he might come!

Nevertheless, he used the telescope again that day.

But there was no repetition of the incident, and he was forced to believe that he had been the victim of some extraordinary illusion. The next morning, however, with his calmer judgment, doubts began to visit him. There was no one of whom he could make inquiries but his Indian helper, and their conversation had usually been restricted to the language of signs or the use of a few words he had picked up. He contrived, however, to ask if there was a "waugoe" (white) woman in the neighbourhood. The Indian shook his head in surprise. There was no "waugoe" nearer than the remote mountain-ridge to which he pointed. Pomfrey was obliged to be content with this. Even had his vocabulary been larger, he would as soon have thought of revealing the embarrassing secret of this woman, whom he believed to be of his own race, to a mere barbarian as he would of asking him to verify his own impressions by allowing him to look at her that morning. The next day, however, something happened which forced him to resume his inquiries. He was rowing around the curving spot when he saw a number of black objects on the northern sands moving in and out of the surf, which he presently made out as Indians. A nearer approach satisfied him that they were wading squaws and children gathering seaweed and shells. He would have pushed his acquaintance still nearer, but as his boat rounded the point with one accord they all scuttled away like frightened sandpipers. Pomfrey, on his return, asked his Indian retainer if they could swim. Oh, yes! As far as the rock? Yes. Yet Pomfrey was not satisfied. The colour of his strange apparition remained unaccounted for, and it was not that of an Indian woman.

Trifling events linger long in a monotonous existence, and it was nearly a week before Pomfrey gave up his daily telescopic inspection of the rock. Then he fell back upon his books again, and, oddly enough, upon another volume of voyages, and so chanced upon the account of Sir Francis Drake's occupation of the bay before him. He had always thought it strange that the great adventurer had left no trace or sign of his sojourn there; still stranger that he should have overlooked the presence of gold, known even to the Indians themselves, and have lost a discovery far beyond his wildest dreams, and a treasure to which the cargoes of those Philippine galleons he had more or less successfully intercepted were trifles. Had the restless explorer been content to pace these dreary sands during three weeks of inactivity, with no thought of penetrating the inland forests behind the range, or of even entering the nobler bay beyond? Or was the location of the spot a mere tradition as wild and unsupported as the "marvells" of the other volume? Pomfrey had the scepticism of the scientific, inquiring mind.

Two weeks had passed, and he was returning from a long climb inland, when he stopped to rest in his descent to the sea. The panorama of the shore was before him, from its uttermost limit to the lighthouse on the northern

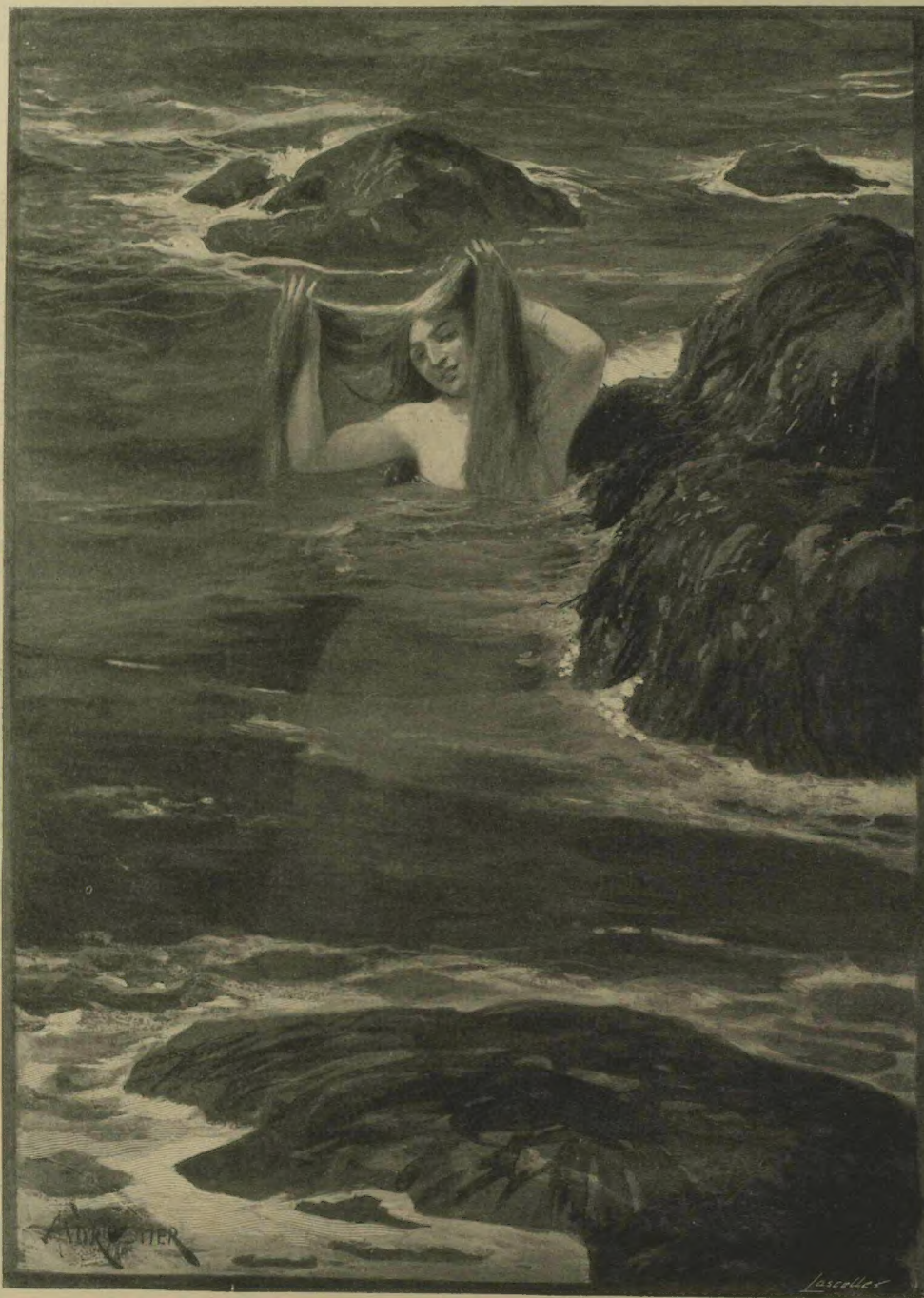
point. The sun was still one hour high—it would take him about that time to reach home. But from this coign of vantage he could see—what he had not before observed—that what he had always believed was a little cove on the Northern shore was really the estuary of a small stream which rose near him and eventually descended into the ocean at that point. He could also see that beside it was a long low erection of some kind, covered with thatched brush, which looked like a "burrow," yet showed signs of habitation in the slight smoke that rose from it and drifted inland. It was not far out of his way, and he resolved to return in that direction. On his way down he once or twice heard the barking of an Indian dog, and knew that he must be in the vicinity of an encampment. A camp-

house had been used that morning, and he made no doubt that the Indians were encamped near by. He would have liked to pursue his researches further, but he found he had already trespassed upon his remaining time, and he turned somewhat abruptly away—so abruptly, in fact, that a figure, which had evidently been cautiously following him at a distance, had not time to get away. His heart leaped with astonishment. It was the woman he had seen on the rock.

Although her native dress now only disclosed her head and hands, there was no doubt about her colour, and it was distinctly white, save for the tanning of exposure and a slight red ochre marking on her low forehead. And her hair, long and unkempt as it was, showed that he had not

erred in his first impression of it. It was of a tawny flaxen, with fainter bleachings where the sun had touched it most. Her eyes were of a clear Northern blue. Her dress, which was quite distinctive in that it was neither the cast-off finery of civilisation nor the cheap "Government" flannels and calicoes usually worn by the Californian tribes, was purely native, and of fringed deerskin, and consisted of a long, loose shirt and leggings worked with bright feathers and coloured shells. A necklace, also of shells and fancy pebbles, hung round her neck. She seemed to be a fully developed woman, in spite of the girlishness of her flowing hair, and, notwithstanding the shapeless length of her guberdine-like garment, taller than the ordinary squaw.

Pomfrey saw all this in a single flash of perception, for the next instant she was gone, disappearing behind the sweat-house. He ran after her, catching sight of her again, half doubled up, in the characteristic Indian trot, dodging around rocks and low bushes as she fled along the banks of the stream. But for her distinguishing hair, she looked in her flight like an ordinary frightened squaw. This, which gave a sense of unmanliness and ridicule to his own pursuit of her, with the fact that his hour of duty was drawing near and he was still far from the lighthouse, checked him in full career, and he turned regretfully away. He had called after her at first, and she had not



The object seemed to be a woman, the lower part of her body submerged in the sea.

heeded him. What he would have said to her he did not know. He hastened home discomfited, even embarrassed—yet excited to a degree he had not deemed possible in himself. During the morning his thoughts were full of her. Theory after theory for her strange existence there he examined and dismissed. His first thought, that she was a white woman—some settler's wife—masquerading in Indian garb, he abandoned when he saw her moving; no white woman could imitate that Indian trot, nor would he remember to attempt it if she were frightened. The idea that she was a captive white, held by the Indians, became ridiculous when he thought of the nearness of civilisation and the peaceful, timid character of the "digger" tribes. That she was some unfortunate demented creature who had escaped from her keeper and wandered into the wilderness, a glance at her clear, frank, intelligent, curious eyes had contradicted. There was but one theory left—the

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most sensible and practical one—that she was the offspring of some white man and Indian squaw. Yet this he found, oddly enough, the least palatable to his fancy. And the few half-breeds he had seen were not at all like her.

The next morning he had recourse to his Indian retainer, "Jim." With infinite difficulty, protraction, and not a little embarrassment, he finally made him understand that he had seen a "white squaw" near the "sweat-house," and that he wanted to know more about her. With equal difficulty Jim finally recognised the fact of the existence of such a person, but immediately afterwards shook his head in an emphatic negation. With greater difficulty and greater mortification Pomfrey presently ascertained that Jim's negative referred to a supposed abduction of the woman which he understood that his employer seriously contemplated. But he also learnt that she was a real Indian, and that there were three or four others like her, male and female, in that vicinity; that from a "skeena mowitch" (little baby) they were all like that, and that their parents were of the same colour, but never a white or "waugee" man or woman among them; that they were looked upon as a distinct and superior caste of Indians, and enjoyed certain privileges with the tribe; that they superstitiously avoided

"THE FIRST."

"Partridge-shooting begins." So runs the legend facing us in our diary this morning; and how pleasant the memories, like wafts of meadow-hay, that arise at the sight of it!

Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble-fields
Quite early in September.

So the poet. Well, in this year of grace we will probably beat the stubble-fields in quite other manner than that sung by him. The stubbles themselves are not of the old kind which came high above the ankle when the foot crushed down upon the rank weed; and we will beat them just so early in September as the harvest will allow. That, happily, will not be so late as the season led us to dread previous to those heat-waves (whether from across the Atlantic matters nothing) which have compelled the most pompous institutions to countenance flannels and the Panama straw. Other weathers, other wears. Other days, other joys. In old-fashioned method or in new, beat the stubbles we shall, and renew the pleasant associations of "The First"—familiar associations

in the increased stocks of birds as the result of "driving." The truth, in spite of the diatribes of social reformers, humanitarians, and others, is that as often as not modern developments of sport are due, not to any leaven of selfishness and luxuriousness within, but to causes outside of it; and that these outside influences are of the most civilising kind. Sportsmen themselves, it is true, are sometimes heard lamenting the old order, and predicting the decline of asport because it is no longer practised in our fathers' manner. But generally that is a kind of sentimental selfishness, which it would be most unsafe to base one's practice upon. To go back to the methods of our Georgian fathers, say, would bring us dangerously near the dock and an indictment for poaching.

In the case of the sport of "The First," however, it is allowable, perhaps, to harbour regrets. The "bonnie brown bird," browner and plumper the richer the agriculture, following thus the fortunes of the countryside, is every countryside's possession. Its homely, we might even say its *bourgeois*, virtues mark it off as such. I'ty, then, that it should become increasingly the bird for the great guns. In an earlier day the bags were smaller, but the pleasures of making them were



His heart leaped with astonishment. It was the woman he had seen on the rock.

white men, of whom they had the greatest fear, and that they were protected in this by the other Indians; that it was marvellous and almost beyond belief that Pomfrey had been able to see one, for no other white man had or was even aware of their existence.

How much of this he actually understood, how much of it was lying and due to Jim's belief that he wished to abduct the fair stranger, Pomfrey was unable to determine. There was enough, however, to excite his curiosity strongly and occupy his mind to the exclusion of his books—save one. Among his smaller volumes he had found a travel book of the "Chinook Jargon," with a lexicon of many of the words commonly used by the Northern Pacific tribes. An hour or two's trial with the astonished Jim gave him an increased vocabulary and a new occupation. Each day the incongruous pair took a lesson from the lexicon. In a week Pomfrey felt he would be able to accost the mysterious stranger. But he did not again surprise her in any of his rambles, or even in a later visit to the sweat-house. He had learned from Jim that the house was only used by the "bucks," or males, and that her appearance there had been accidental. He recalled that he had had the impression that she had been stealthily following him, and the recollection gave him a pleasure he could not account for. But an incident presently occurred which gave him a new idea of her relations towards him.

(To be continued.)

of homely scenes, of home itself: for the most lasting are those of our earliest "Firsts." No long journeys to the moors, no November parties and pheasants for us in those days; but, instead, an early holiday morning, long looked forward to; a rough country about a mile from home, intersected with hedge and ditch and tufted meadow-strips; and round this waste in the midst of plenty, but for us an oasis of adventure in a desert of commonplace, turnip and potato and stubble, right up to where shimmer in the light mist the grey walls of the farmer who is our mentor on this first day among the "patricks." Every foot of the whole countryside known to us lads through wanderings at all times and all seasons for fifteen years of boyhood! No wonder if "Partridge-shooting begins" in our diary this morning awakes delightful memories!

Other days, other joys, we have said. Changes in sport bring their compensations, and we are not inclined to linger lamenting over the modes that have served their day and generation. That when shooting, which was practically "hunting," gave place to the "drive," woodcraft would go out, and a higher skill in marksmanship come in, ought to have been patent to everyone; though, of course, it was not. Perhaps, however, we could scarce have anticipated such a working of the law of the survival of the fittest as recent years have discovered

wider-spread. A greater number of men shot then, and fewer were content merely with talking about shooting. So, at least, it is rather to be feared; and though a very general on-speaking-terms acquaintance with sport is not without its value, still we could do with a little less vicariousness in it. It would be better if more of us played the game and fewer paid money at the turnstiles to cheer the players, or, it may be, to hoot the referee. And though partridge-shooting is free from that reproach of some of our popular sports, it is impossible not to regret those lapsed styles of it which made the pleasures of "The First" a more common possession.

But that is the extent of our regrets. We join in no jeremiad over changed days. Sport, after all, is not an end in itself, and if some modes of it are lost for us, other exercises are waiting to take their place. There is always golf—that voracious monster. Nor is even this vicariousness over which we have indulged a grumble any new thing. "Rural Sports" set its author's foot on the ladder of fame. Depend upon it, all who admired the muse of Mr. John Gay were not sportsmen. Nor is it certain that Gay himself knew very much at first hand about the sports of which he sang so eloquently. At any rate, Swift wrote him: "You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest."

M.

THE CHINESE ON THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER.

Flight, in many a border village, when the Boxers began their raid upon Siberia, became the only refuge of the Russian peasant. Our Illustrations, reproduced from drawings made upon the spot by Captain Smith-Dorrien, show several phases of the confusion caused by the approach of the enemy. Villages were burnt out, the inhabitants fled for shelter to some adjacent village which had, in turn, to be abandoned. Blagovestchensk, the chief town on the Amur, was besieged by the Chinese—with all the more zest, no doubt, because several fine Greek churches invited to worship the forty thousand inhabitants of the place. Nobody in Blagovestchensk anticipated the arrival of the Chinese, whose appearance on the opposite bank of the river caused at first astonishment and then dismay. For the Russians, by ill-luck, had sent a large force of their armed men away to protect the railway communication to Peking. However, about fifteen hundred regulars remained, and to these were added, at the moment, five hundred volunteers. The Chinese part of the population—numbering some three or four thousand—were held to be an element of weakness to the besieged community.



CHINESE ARMY TYPES: TRUMPETS SOUNDING THE ASSEMBLY WITH BIG-DRUM ACCOMPANIMENT.

They were sent, therefore, across the river on rafts—a dangerous journey, as it turned out. The rafts, in any case, were overcrowded; and, when they were fired upon, ignorantly or accidentally, by the Boxers, a panic succeeded, rafts capsized, and hundreds of bodies floated down the stream. Meanwhile shots and shells reached the town, and continued to do so for several nights and days, sometimes briskly, sometimes with pauses. Happily, the Chinese guns were of small calibre, so that little damage was done to the town; but in the trenches and in the streets a few of the defenders were killed and wounded.

At last relief came with the arrival of a Russian contingent, that steamed down the murky Amur after suffering an unlucky delay of a fortnight by the low waters of the Shilka River. The steamers were of the Noah's Ark type, and ordinary touring barges added to the strength of this nondescript fleet; but more welcome a great navy could scarce have been. Large rafts preceded them and followed them, carrying fugitive peasants, their carts, their cattle, and all their belongings. With the safety of Blagovestchensk the reign of terror came to an end.



RUSSIAN PEASANTS LEAVING A VILLAGE ON THE APPROACH OF THE CHINESE.

From a Sketch by Captain Smith-Dorrien, R.N.

THE CHINESE ON THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER.

From Sketches by Captain Smith-Dorrien, R.N.



THE SIEGE OF BLAGOVESHCHENSK: RUSSIAN ENTRENCHMENTS ON THE ESPLANADE, SIBERIAN SIDE OF THE AMUR.

On the farther or Manchurian side of the river the Chinese firing-lines are visible. Hundreds of Chinese dead enemies are seen on the opposite bank.



ADVANCE OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DOWN THE AMUR TO THE RELIEF OF BLAGOVESHCHENSK.

As all steamers were occupied for transport, the Russians resorted to rafts for conveyance of themselves and their belongings.

TYPES OF THE CHINESE ARMY.



TROOPS RESTING: STANDARDS FELLED ON THE GROUND.



MUSTER AT THE CAMP OF WOOSUNG, NEAR SHANGHAI.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.



Annamite Riflemen.

Tonkinese Riflemen.

Algerian Riflemen.

Annamite Fusiliers.

Marine Fusiliers.

FRENCH COLONIAL CONTINGENTS AT SHANGHAI.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



TARTAR SOLDIERS DESTROYING VILLAGES ROUND TIENTSIN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: DE WETS FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

From Sketches by Captain J. Steenson.



1. The Pyramids, north of Pretoria, passed by De Wet on Aug. 20.
2. Waterval, where five of Buller's Yeomanry were wounded.

3. Horn's Nek, ten miles north of Pretoria, cleared and rendered impassable by Buller on Aug. 18.

4. Commando Nek, Magaliesberg, where De Wet called upon Buller-Powell to surrender on Aug. 17.



DRAGOONS SURPRISING A BOER LAAGER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FRANK STEWART.

The Dragoons tracked the Boers to their camp during the night, taking them completely by surprise at dawn as they were sitting round their fires at coffee.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

An Eye for an Eye. By William Le Queux. (London: White, 6s.)
General John Jacob, Commandant of the Strait Settlements. By Alexander Stoddart. (London: Simpkin, 7s.)
European Settlements in the Far East. By Henry Newbolt. (London: Macmillan, 7s.)
Lucas Malet's India: the Struggle for Asia. By Lucas Malet. (London: Macmillan, 7s.)
The Mesmerists. By B. L. Farjeon. (London: Hutchinson and Co., 6s.)
The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. (Macmillan, 6s.)

Mr. Le Queux's most recent contribution to fiction conscientious scruples forbid that we should say literature proves afresh that he is a master of the mystery story. "An Eye for an Eye" is as readable and enthralling a book as any of its numerous predecessors. With every page the plot thickens; suspicions, which appear to be only too well founded, rest on one innocent person after another, till the reader's imagination is dazed by the number of clues which he has to follow. He reads on and on with bated breath, until, with the last chapter, he arrives at the solution of the awful tragedy with which the story opened. Even then he will find that there are one or two little matters which Mr. Le Queux has neglected to elucidate. Beyond this, "An Eye for an Eye" is a work of no great merit. The author's manner is often faulty, and he evinces a marked tendency to repeat himself; the same phrase often appears twice over in one paragraph. Seeing that Mr. Le Queux is nothing if he is not ingenious, this is no doubt due to carelessness. The "diurnal" chop is constantly in evidence; hard-working journalists—there are two in this story—obviously support existence almost entirely upon chops, varied by an occasional steak. There is no attempt at anything which even distantly suggests character-drawing; roughly speaking, the *dramatis personæ* may be divided into two classes—those who have something to conceal, and those who have everything to discover; barring that slight distinction, they all talk and act very much in the same manner, irrespective of station or sex. Hold!—we apologise; one of the journalists enjoys the monopoly of slang—a foul briar is his other characteristic. The heroine too, is unmistakable. The love passages convey the impression that they have been inserted merely to satisfy the sentimental section of the public. The choice of a title is not particularly appropriate; as the villains are all polished off in a few sentences, it scarcely seems to apply.

A great man, said somebody—Sydney Smith, was it not?—is eight times a man. Judged thus, General John Jacob must be pronounced great. Soldier, administrator, sportsman, engineer, mechanic, and, most remarkable of all, destructive theologian, he united in his character a curious variety of interests. Twenty-four years' service with no holiday, mostly in burning Sind, in reducing that province to cosmos from chaos—such was his honourable record, with but little recognition for his share in that "very advantageous, humane, and useful piece of rascality," as Napier called the annexation of that province. It has been a labour of love to Mr. Shand to show how Jacob raised the famous Sind Irregular Horse, and brought it to an enviable state of efficiency. As an example of its wonderful readiness, we are told that on one occasion a Staff officer brought an order to march immediately when Jacob and his officers were sitting down to tiffin. The Commandant said they would be ready after tiffin, and, sure enough, after tiffin the assembly sounded, and in a few minutes the force was mounted and en route. Jacob, however, was much more than a *beau sabreur*. In 1853 he had foreseen that the then state of indiscipline would lead to a catastrophe; but his Cassandra-like warnings passed unheeded. We turn with interest to the religious opinions of so great a man of action, and here Mr. Shand animadvert on his hero's absence of definite theological opinions. Jacob had said, "There is nothing special about our earth; it is one particle among millions. The same laws affect all." The author italicises this last sentence as if it were something surprising. Every boy who has passed the sixth standard knows as much. The secret of this born leader is shown in the following sentences: "I do not," he said, "propose to govern them by force or fear. I will have sober, God-fearing men in my troops, as Cromwell said, and will govern them by appealing to their higher, not to their lower attributes. The object of all our training shall be to develop mental power. The more we can raise our subordinates in the scale of rational beings, the more we can command them." It is lamentable to think that Jacob, the chevalier *sans peur, et sans reproche*, the indomitable fighter with the Ephesian wild beasts of official blindness, routine, and stupidity, met with so little tangible reward. He died at the early age of forty-six, worn out by a life of strenuous labour. This volume is an endeavour to preserve some record of his achievements. A word of praise must be given to the admirable illustrations, among which the excellent portrait would suggest rather the man of science than the man of action.

Few recent experiments in periodical literature have been able to claim so much interest while still in the stage of projection as Mr. John Murray's new magazine, the *Monthly Review*. The publication, which is to be under the editorship of Mr. Henry Newbolt, the distinguished writer of patriotic verse, makes its first



MR. HENRY NEWBOLT.
 Editor of Mr. Murray's forthcoming Magazine.

appearance about the middle of the present month. The forthcoming magazine is to find no subject of human interest alien, a scheme that makes, in the light of the Latin proverb, for the essential humanity of the undertaking. The "permanent editorial department" will contain articles of consistent personal opinion. Party policy, however, will not be formulated.

The frequent recurrence in the Press on both sides of the Atlantic of the phrases, "Spheres of Influence," "Open Door," and so forth, together with the great prominence given to the Far East politically and commercially, have led the compiler of "European Settlements" to believe



STREET SCENE IN OSAKA.

Reproduced from "European Settlements in the Far East," by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

that the work will prove both useful and attractive. Useful it undoubtedly is, but there is doubt as to whether it will prove attractive to any but persons who have either spent or are about to spend a number of years in that far-distant part of the world. For the book is in reality a work of reference. It is packed from cover to cover with records of statistics, all of which appear to be accurate, and are therefore useful to have at hand. The descriptions of the various cities are, however, particularly graphic; while the numerous illustrations from photographs with which the work is embellished are very well done indeed. Nearly all the towns and villages at present attracting attention

are shown in this volume, and we reproduce here, by kind permission of the publishers, a picture of a street in Osaka, the commercial capital of Japan. It is only to be regretted that the author has not seen his way to lighten the general tone of the work by introducing incidentally accounts of some of the quaint experiences which he must have gone through from first to last in the course of his varied rambles in the Far East.

Mr. Colquhoun comes to us with his "Russia Against India" in his hand, and says in effect, "This is a book for the man in the street. It is a sketch from the life—I have seen what I have written, and I wish the man in the street to realise it; for here is a great problem which sooner or later he will have to face and to solve, and more likely sooner than later. It is, indeed, the problem of Anglo-Saxon prestige in Asia, and consequently of our prestige in the world." Now, this is irresistible. The man in the street cannot but tackle a problem put under his nose with so eloquent an appeal to his patriotism and his self-interest. Nor, in many respects, could he have better aid in doing so than that which Mr. Colquhoun offers him. In the Historical Introduction, and in "Afghanistan and Persia," and "Russia in Central China," he will find the advance of Russia in Asia traced step by step—a wonderful story of slow but sure progress. Then in the various chapters on "Country and People" he will find vivid and informing pictures of Central Asia and its various inhabitants; indeed, it would probably be impossible to find within equal limits anywhere so much valuable and vital first-hand information on the peoples of Central Asia as is packed between page 55 and page 125 of this little book. Again, in the chapter on "British Rule in India" some serious home truths will be forced on the man in the street: we trust that he will be impressed with the gravity of Sir Charles Elliott's statement, evidently endorsed by Mr. Colquhoun: "I do not hesitate to say that half our agricultural population [in India] never know from year's end to year's end what it is to have their hunger satisfied."

Poison, mesmerism, murder—these are the chief threads in the plot presented in "The Mesmerists." A villain trading on an ugly secret, a daughter willing to sacrifice her happiness to save her father's honour, are the conventional figures that appear on Mr. Farjeon's stage. How the skein of this entanglement is unravelled by murder and suicide we must leave to readers with a taste for melodrama. The tale seems to have an air of unreality; Laval's creature fails to convince, though Lady Diana, with her smelling-bottles and so forth, is amusing enough. Mr. Farjeon has here tried the interesting experiment of publishing between the same covers a novel and a play on the same subject. He has been a sufferer from the dramatisation of novels by independent persons, and wishes to see the practice stopped. Readers will be interested in comparing the novel with the play, and in observing the points of difference between the two.

In "The Gateless Barrier" Lucas Malet, the famous daughter of Charles Kingsley, essays what for her is quite a new kind of work. For the novel is not concerned with men and women in their mundane relations, as most novels are; it deals with the "spirit-world," with that mysterious realm which adepts, we are told, speak of as "borderland." Many writers, many women writers especially, have written books of that kind. And they are mostly very bad. It seems to be a great temptation to the average crude intelligence to drag Spiritualism into a novel, so astotillate vulgar curiosity. But it is the merit of Lucas Malet that she has done her work with grace and distinction and simplicity. The book is remarkably well written, without a trace of the vulgar hysteria which disfigures the work of many mystical women novelists. And its intention is entirely noble. True, we may allow ourselves to question whether the intention could not have been equally well expressed without the aid of the supernatural. "It needs no ghost to come from the grave" to tell us certain truths. Laurence Rivers might have arrived at finer intuitions and beliefs, at a finer theory of conduct and endeavour, even if Agnes had not come to him from the tomb. But the writer is entitled to choose her convention, and, having chosen it, she works within its limits with wonderful delicacy of thought and feeling. Her picture of Agnes, the half-spirit, half-woman, is done excellently well. With inferior writers Agnes would have been a vulgar spectre; in "The Gateless Barrier" she is a figure of poetry. That Lucas Malet has succeeded in that most difficult portraiture—a sure proof of her sympathy and sense and artistic excellence.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Writ in Barbed. Elgar Wallace. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)
Norway. Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (Story of the Nations Series.) (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
The Whistling Maid. Ernest Rhys. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
Lockhart's Life of Scott. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)
Critical Studies. Ouida. (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: CAMPAIGNING, AND AFTER.



BRITISH TROOPS AT PRETORIA RAILWAY STATION.



DE WET'S DYNAMITE GUN.



Photo, Andree, Colombo

CAMP FOR BOER PRISONERS AT DIYATALAWA, CEYLON.



UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL ADALBERT HAY BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO MILITARY ATTACHÉS LEAVING PRETORIA.



HOME FROM THE WAR: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND MR. BATTERSBY (SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT) ON BOARD THE "BRITON."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

As an annual journalistic sheet-anchor, the sea-serpent ceased to exist many years ago in Paris, after reaching the respectable age of two centuries; it having been invented in 1678 by *Le Mercure Galant*, though not exactly in the shape it subsequently assumed. It was merely one of a long list of cock-and-bull stories, deftly produced by French scribes from the very start of journalism, and christened with the name of *canard*. The word does not only mean the water-fowl beloved by gourmets; it also signifies a little lump of loaf sugar dipped in brandy and often taken by the fair sex with their after-dinner coffee. Journalistically, it implies a bit of pseudo-news, which owes more to the imagination than to the sense of veracity of the author; typographically, it stands for the whole of the matter of a newspaper before printed. "Take away the *canard*," exclaims the Frenchmaster-printer when the formes have been locked. The accounts of the distortion of the original sense of the word into its journalistic meaning are many; one thing is, however, certain. Three centuries and three-quarters ago the news-criers of Flanders shouted in the streets, "The *canard* of the battle of Pavia," where François I., at the head of his Frenchmen, was defeated by the Comte d'Albion de Bourbon.

The battle of Pavia was not a *canard* in the modern sense of the word; it was a stern piece of truth, as François found to his cost. Experience has taught us since, and especially during the last twelvemonth, that the French and, above all, the Paris journalists do not scruple to invent *canards* in the shape of bloody engagements when it suits their purpose, or when they are short of authenticated matter. The South African Campaign has been a downright goldmine to them in that way; they could and did publish whatever their imagination or animosity suggested, secure as they were from penalty; for with regard to French papers we have long ago adopted the motto of that German philosopher who, in the teeth of unwarranted and violent invective, wrote—

"Let asses bray;
I go my way."

The South African Campaign is drawing to a close, and the manner of its closing makes the hatching of hostile *canards* in connection with it an unprofitable occupation. Before the calow duckling can be made presentable to the world, it is virtually dead. The Chinese Expedition does as yet not lend itself to the incubation of extravagant *canards*, for the French themselves are engaged in it, and the effect of too luxuriant an imagination on the part of the scribe would be resented by the majority of his readers, besides exposing him to the risk of being hauled up on a charge of disseminating false news; especially if the true news coming close upon the false produced an undavourable reaction affecting the Government. Hence the Paris scribe has been compelled to fall back upon a different kind of *canard*. It is what, for want of a better term, I must call the prophetic cock-and-bull story. The most sensational, as well as the most welcome, of this kind was the announcement of the forthcoming visit of the Czar to the Exhibition in September. Several reputable papers began the thing in a tentative manner. They published paragraphs hinting in a mysterious way that M. Loubet, though going to Rambouillet for some shooting, would have to be back in September to receive a most exalted visitor. The mystery was so transparent as to leave no doubt in the mind of the densest reader that the most exalted visitor in question was none other than Nicholas II.

I referred incidentally to the matter last week; the inexorable conditions of space made it impossible to print my utter disbelief in the story. Nicholas II. will not go to Paris if he can possibly help it. Why should he go? There is no personal friendship between him and any of the men of the present régime, and, both politically and financially, Russia has all she is likely to get for the present out of France. The Roscript of August 1898 opened the eyes of many Frenchmen to the nature of their investment—moral as well as material—in Russia's support. The French were most sensible in not crying their disappointment from the housetops. "Ils faisaient bonne mine à mauvais jeu." But they are not going to throw good money after bad, in spite of M. Delcassé, and perhaps of M. Loubet, the latter of whom may, perhaps, be desirous of reviving the part played by the late Félix Faure. I say may be, I do not say is, for the present President of the Republic is made of somewhat different stuff from his immediate predecessor. But just as no Duchess is ugly to an ambitious and fawning tradesman, so no crowned head is altogether unwelcome to the President of a Republic. It is doubtful, though, whether the crowned head is equally favourably impelled.

There is another reason why Nicholas II. may not care to repeat his visit. Thirty-three years ago his grandfather narrowly escaped assassination in the French capital. He was seated next to Napoleon III., on their return from the review at which Wilhelm of Prussia and Bismarck and Moltke were also present, when Berezowski fired at him and missed him by a hair's breadth, seeing that the bullet struck the horse of M. Raibaux, the Empress's Equerry, who was riding by the side of the carriage. We are told that, especially after the murder of Humbert, and the attempt on Muzzafar-ed-Din, the Paris police are on their mettle. We have yet to learn that the devoted Corsicans of Napoleon III. were not in 1867. It is one thing to be afraid at one's shadow, as is Abdol Hamid, and another thing risking one's life in a foolhardy manner. Nicholas II. runs quite sufficient danger at home, without going to court it elsewhere; consequently the reader may take it for granted that his announced visit is a *canard*; one of a dozen going the round—another one being the rumoured resignation of M. Loubet after the Exhibition, or rather after the final settlement of the Dreyfus affair. The prophesied reopening of the case is another "duck."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, and hope to find it acceptable.

CUTLER (Hull) (Great Yarmouth).—You stand head and shoulders above all solvers.

S. WARD (Fulham).—It is too late for us to make use of. Thanks all the same.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2332 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2333 from C. A. M. (Penang) and E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2334 from Walter St. C. Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2335 from George Levey Fawcett, M.D. (Ainslie, Ontario); of No. 2337 from C. H. Hemming (Gibraltar); of No. 2338 from H. Meakin (Nantwich); W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing); J. Bailey (Newark); C. E. H. Clifton; and W. A. Lillio (Edinburgh).

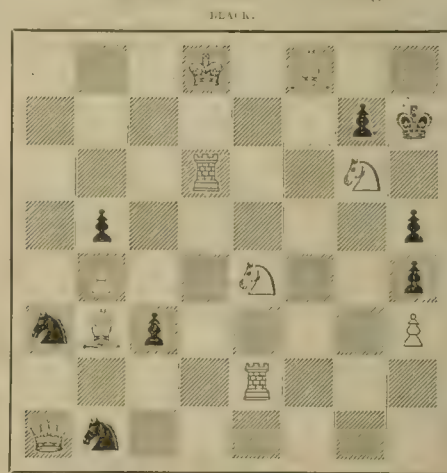
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2339 received from C. R. Shaw Stewart (Birmingham), Rupert Rogers (Stanford), Albert Wolf (Putney), F. Dalby, W. M. Kelly (Worthing), F. Harrison (Liverpool), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Alpha, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Julia Short (Exeter), W. H. Silk (Moseley), Martin F. C. E. Perugini, W. A. Lillio (Edinburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Lymouth), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Shadforth, C. M. A. B. Reginald Gordon (Kensington), H. S. Brandreth (Bavaria), Hereward, T. Roberts, C. E. H. Clifton, F. W. Moore (Brighton), H. Le Jeune, Sorrento, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), E. Fear Hill (Trowbridge), R. Womersley (Canterbury), and H. Meakin (Nantwich).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2338.—By R. COLLINGS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 2nd. P takes Kt
2. R to K 6th (ch). K moves
3. Q to K 4th, mate.

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to B 6th (ch); and if 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. Q to K 4th (ch), and 3. R to K 4th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2341.—By S. P. PAVRI (Bombay).



A RESTING-PLACE OF HEROES: SCENES IN THE BLOEMFONTEIN CEMETERY.

Photographs by M. Audy, Bloemfontein.



THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL.



THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT THE HON. HUGH LYGON.



A MILITARY FUNERAL.

The Camp in the distance is named the "Rest Camp."

THE LATE THOMAS FAED, R.A., AND HIS WORK

Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., whose death, after some years of retirement as an exhibitor, is now announced, was born seventy-four years ago in the Stewartry of Kirkcaldy. His father, a millwright and engineer, died when the future Academician was still a boy. Happily, he was a boy in possession of an elder brother—an agent of beneficence to whom little justice has been done in fiction, though he is a Providence perpetually met with in biographical fact. This elder brother, John Faed, was already making a name of his own in art-circles in Edinburgh, and he had evident faith in the opportunities of the artistic career; for he entered the boy in the School of Design in Edinburgh under Sir William Allan. Water-colour was his first medium; and his first exhibited picture was a subject from "The Old English Baron." In 1819, having by then deserted water-colour for oil, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy; and just half a century ago he had his first large commission. It was for a canvas depicting "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford"—a group into which were introduced portraits of Wordsworth, Christopher North, Crabbe, Wilkie, Lockhart, Moore, "the Eltrick Shepherd," and "the Man of Feeling." The picture was a success, and London loomed large on the horizon. Two emissaries one with the appropriate name of "The First Step," and the other called "Cottage Picty," were sent south, and were hung by the Royal Academy. The painter followed his paintings; and in 1852 he settled in the English capital, to be for forty-two years an almost unflinching exhibitor at the Academy.

Recognition came to him betimes. He was an Associate of the Academy in 1859; a Member in 1865. The works of those years make a long list, which we can only sample: "Burns and Highland Mary," "Patron and Patroness's Visit to a Village School," the very title betrays the date at which such stilted terminology was not only possible but usual—"The Early Lesson," "Reapers Going Out," "Peggy," "From an Especial Correspondent," "The Ayrshire Lassie," "Happy as the Day is Long," and "Forgiven." More especially did Mr. Faed make his name and fame by delineations of pathetic episodes of domestic life. Popular not only with Academy crowds, but also with the buyers of engravings, were many of these pictures, with titles that are still familiar names—"The Milkmaid's Ruin," "The Only Pair" a boy who stands by in half undress while his



THE LATE THOMAS FAED, R.A.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

grandmother mends his torn knickerbockers—"Ere Care Begins," "Baith Faither and Mither," "The Cradle," and "Faults on Both Sides." Another picture, "From

Hand to Mouth," we reproduce. It contains the usual accent on sentiment and the common play upon words in the title—from hand to mouth passes the glass, and from hand to mouth must the poor man live as a consequence, and the rich man, too, if he be gambler as well as toper. The careful drawing of figures, the not ill-conceived accessories, the observance of certain simplicities of manner even in the midst of somewhat complex motives—these things were not wanting in canvases which were, however, successes as object-pictures first and last.

When Faed came from 15, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, to a lodging in Newman Street, a district then associated with great names in the world of art, he was almost a pioneer of that large body of artists who have come from north of the Tweed and settled on the Thames. On the Thames—with a mile or more between them and the river; for the Scottish school, as it is sometimes called, despite the diverse range and methods of its component members, became settlers, for the most part, in St. John's Wood, following, in this respect also, the lead of Mr. Thomas Faed, who was a resident in Cavendish Road for many years.

Faed came to his own at a period in the history of British art with which it is impossible to be patient, and it cannot be denied that he was the faithful interpreter of his time. "The most commonplace Wilkieism" was Mr. Ruskin's verdict on one of the best of Mr. Faed's works. By others he has been spoken of as the forerunner in art of the "Kailyard School" in literature. He was still to his own admirers "the poet-painter" when critics began to weary of the banalities of a too-obvious sentiment—of a brush too ready to make incursions into the department of the pen. "Paint for the painter" was the cry heard in the land; and by the time his last picture, "The Rustic Bath," was exhibited, seven years ago, he found the public had somewhat changed the character of its demands upon artists who were to exact its homage. Failing sight made a necessity of what might otherwise have been a voluntary renunciation. The aged artist left the space at the Academy's disposal to younger men; and in his years of retirement had the consolation of knowing that in his own day and province he had made famous a name which he believed was borne by no family not akin to his own.



"FROM HAND TO MOUTH."—BY THE LATE THOMAS FAED, R.A.

T H E F I R S T O F S E P T E M B E R.



A WELL-KILLED BIRD.

See page 303.

LADIES' PAGES.

There is, and in time to come will undoubtedly yet more be, a romantic interest associated with the personality of the Queen, in whose reign such vast developments have been witnessed, and who has herself filled for so long so large and important a place in the national life. It follows that the four scarves worked by the Queen's own hands in this eighty-second year of her life, as a special reward for a valiant deed to be presented to a man of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial troops respectively, will have a value incalculable. What price would be given for an undoubtedly authentic specimen of the handiwork of Queen Elizabeth, even without the added interest of its having been presented by herself to a man pre-eminent for bravery? Yet I observe that a writer in a popular journal is dissatisfied because the Queen's scarf has been given in lieu of the Victoria Cross. Surely the unique personal gift is unapproachable in honour and interest! The scarves are not merely knitted by her hands, but are further adorned with a beautifully embroidered royal monogram. The mere proof of the Queen's skill in handiwork that is hereby shown has its interest, when her occupation with and ability in statesmanship is remembered.

I often allude to the Queen's political duties and interests; and as there seems to be widespread misunderstanding on the point, it may be permissible to refer to it a little more, especially as one interesting illustration of the truth furnishes an excellent reason why (if gratitude can be a factor in moulding national sentiments) France should curb ill-will towards this country—while Queen Victoria rules it, at least. Many years ago now, when the Queen, in the depression of her widowhood, deliberately elected to hand over her social duties very largely to the young and lovely bride of her heir-apparent, Mr. Disraeli, then Premier, bore public and emphatic testimony to her Majesty's unabated and untiring discharge of the more serious duties of her regal position, as she saw those duties from the inside of her life. The Premier declared that every paper connected with foreign affairs passed through the Queen's hands, and was always read and considered and often remarked upon by her. It is, of course, known that this was done by the Queen during the lifetime of the Prince Consort, and in consultation with him, but it was not understood until Mr. Disraeli made his emphatic statement that the Queen did not allow her overwhelming grief and feeling of loneliness and isolation in her widowhood to lead her even for a few months to abandon her duties as the permanent head of the State. Indications of what has been the value and power of that influence are to be found in many quarters, chiefly in guarded allusions in the memoirs of



AN AUTUMN GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH.

leading men of the reign already passed away. Let us have just two instances.

When the Schleswig-Holstein question caused war between Prussia and Denmark, Lord John Russell's biographer tells us that the British Cabinet actually decided to help Denmark by force of arms, if the Emperor of the French would join England. It afterwards was proved that the Emperor would have made this the opportunity to try to secure "a scientific frontier" for France on the Rhine, and that "a European conflagration" would have followed. Yet the alliance would have been made, we learn from Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs, but for the Queen, who so strenuously opposed war as to compel delay till the Ministry realised what the Emperor "would be after," and abandoned the armed intervention.

The second illustration is supplied by Bismarck's letter to the Emperor William in 1875, published two years ago. It was written when the Queen had frustrated Bismarck's plans for renewing the war between France and Germany, so as utterly to crush the former without giving her time for recovery from the wounds of 1870. Spite is not a strong enough term for that letter. The Queen influenced the matter not only through the autograph personal appeals that she made to the Emperor William (to which Bismarck's letter alludes), but also through the Emperor of Russia, whose daughter had then lately been married to her son—the union just dissolved by death—and the Emperor was naturally desirous of coinciding with the views of the adopted country of his child. In the Letters of Princess Alice to her mother, there are allowed to remain for publication two allusions to this business; one in which the Princess tells how she had talked, giving her mother's views, to the old Emperor and the Crown Prince (the Emperor Frederick); and again, later on, how she had a talk with the Emperor of Russia, who said to her: "Dites à Maman encore une fois comme cela [i.e., the maintenance of peace] me réjouit, et de savoir comme c'est elle qui tient à la paix."

Fuller details may be read in the Memoirs of M. Gavard, who was at the time French Chargé d'Affaires in this country; his book is called "Un Diplomate à Londres." He relates a conversation that he had with Lord Derby, who said, when all was clear again, that he was sure that the danger had been real—that if Bismarck had not been checked by the English influence exerted, France would have been attacked and ruined. "I asked him," said M. Gavard, "how we could escape such dangers in the future"; he replied, "The old Emperor does not will war, but we have seen that he was not *au courant* of the plots around him; Prince Bismarck wills war, and is in a hurry to get it during the life of the Emperor William, for the Crown Prince is not at all bellicose. For the present the only needful point is not to allow the mind of the old Emperor to be circumvented. England has means of making him

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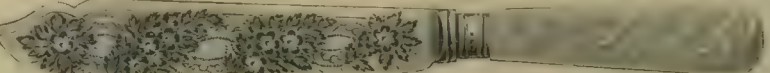
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understand the truth, and you know that she has used them; and she has acted in an understanding with Russia, as she probably will continue to do so long as Alexander lives." What the "means" were the letter of Prince Bismarck alluded to above sufficiently tells us: they were the personal comprehension of the position, the influence and effort, and the hatred of war of Queen Victoria. Has France any gratitude?

I might go on giving similar illustrations of the political understanding and labours of the Queen from similar sources; but this will suffice to show that it is not flattery to speak of her duties and their statesmanlike performance, but that they are real. Her touching words to the nation on the death of the Duke of Clarence were founded on her just pride in and knowledge of her own services to the world in this capacity. "Though the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from my position have been great," wrote the Queen to her people, "yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country and Empire while life lasts."

Paris has long had the reputation of being the very centre of all artistic industries; and one has but to look back a few years to recall how much more artistic was the goldsmith's and jeweller's work of the French than that of the English. That in this respect things have altered, and that now it is possible to see as beautiful designs and as exquisitely fine workmanship in detail here as there, no one will deny who is acquainted with the work produced by a few of the leading London houses in jewellery and plate. Foremost among these manufactures stand those of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. The Rue de la Paix cannot surpass, and in few cases can it equal, the beautiful gem-work to be seen in the spacious show-rooms at 112, Regent Street—where, by the way, visitors are welcomed, irrespective of any immediate intention to purchase; and the exhibition is indeed worth a visit. Not to mention a string of pearls worth £30,000, and another worth £25,000, the rooms at present contain quantities of fine gems showing the most excellent workmanship. There is an aigrette in the form of feathery fronds of diamonds, with a superb brilliant weighing 13 carats, set so as to swing free and move with every turn of the head; and numerous tiaras, necklets, and corsage ornaments of the most charming design and finest water.

The excellence of the company's work has received the recognition that it deserves at the Paris Exhibition, where the Parisian jewellers themselves have been generously lavish in admiration and commendation. The company's exhibit does indeed worthily vindicate Great Britain's reputation in this department of the show of the world's splendours and achievements. The handsome white and gold Gothic design that covers the



A SEASONABLE COSTUME OF LIGHT CLOTH.

numerous show-cases is surrounded by continual admiration, and well is it deserved. There is the matchless string of great pearls, a single string to surround the throat, so perfect that its value is no less than £90,000. Immediately above this in the case is a superb tiara, and just above that again two broad throatlets, in which not only is the intrinsic worth and splendour of the stones very great, but the workmanship of the setting is incomparably fine, the knife-edge of the gold foundations being quite hidden by the gems, so that they scintillate like drops of dew, looking as if independent of support. A superb ruby centres another ornament, and the variety of design is endless. Other sides of the stand contain a hardly less striking exhibition of silversmith's work of many kinds, including the very newest silverware—a dull-surfaced, refined look that is produced by a new process, though it resembles the old Pomeranian ware, and that has taken the fancy of the French mightily, chiming in with their artistic perception. Very justly, the whole exhibit has been awarded the Grand Prix. This is the coveted award of all exhibitors, being absolutely the highest honour that can be conferred by the jurors, and is only awarded when the exhibit has such merit that it is worthy of higher recognition than gold medals.

The Grand Prix is a distinction that has never previously been conferred on any British exhibitor in the jewellery section. The special features of the Goldsmiths Company's exhibit, for which the jurors make this award, are: Originality and beauty in the designing of diamond ornaments and gem jewellery; perfect quality of the gems used in the ornaments; the unique display of pearls; the artistic collection of silver, illustrating various periods and methods in the goldsmith's and silversmith's craft; and the reproductions of beautiful specimens of tenth and fifteenth century silver-work and Georgian plate, with modern silver-work of original design and perfect workmanship. The company have, it may be chronicled, been already awarded nine gold medals at International and other exhibitions.

Among other awards of the jurors at Paris, Bovril, Limited, has secured two gold medals, one for the general exhibit and the other for emergency rations. The Remington Typewriter has attained the coveted Grand Prix in its line. Another honour coming to Great Britain in a direction in which France herself takes special pride is the award of a gold medal to Mr. Clarkson, the well-known costumier, for his collection of theatrical wigs, as made by him for countless past and present stage celebrities.

Our illustrations show light cloth dresses suitable for the oncoming season. One is banded and piped with a lighter shade of cloth, and also braided with a mixture of light and dark braid; the other is braided with white and finished with a black satin waistbelt and tie, the latter having tag ends.

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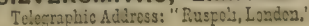
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&c.

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APPLES MAKE
CIDER
BUT
PEARS MAKE
SOAP



Per M
99



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1894), with three codicils (dated Feb. 7 and Dec. 13 and 15, 1899), of Mr. William Coare Brocklehurst, of Butley Hall, Prestbury, Cheshire, M.P. for Macclesfield 1868-80, 1885-86, who died on June 3, was proved on Aug. 9 by William Brocklehurst Brocklehurst and Arthur John Pownall Brocklehurst, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £517,240. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Macclesfield Infirmary; £1500 to the Macclesfield High School for Girls; £500 each to the National Lifeboat Institution and the King Edward Street Unitarian Church (Macclesfield); £100 to the Vicar of St. Peter's Church (Prestbury), upon trust, for the poor of Prestbury, Butley, and Newton; £300 to the Devonshire Hospital and Buxton Bath Charity; and £200 to the Macclesfield Sunday-school. He gives £1000, and during her widowhood an annuity of £3000 and the use of Butley Hall, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Brocklehurst; £10,000 to his grandson John Arthur William Talbot; £40,000 to his daughter Edith Mary Talbot; during the widowhood of his wife an annuity of £300 to his son Arthur John Pownall; and many legacies to relatives, persons in his employ, and servants. He devises the Titherington Hall estate to his son William Brocklehurst, and the Butley Hall estate, subject to the interest of Mrs. Brocklehurst, to his son Arthur John Pownall. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1899) of Mr. Arthur Albright, of Mariemont, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 7 at the Birmingham District Registry by John Edward Wilson, and William Arthur Albright and George Stacey Albright, the sons, the executors,

the value of the estate being £112,303. The testator gives £3000 to the Pension Fund of Albright and Wilson, Limited; £1500 to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; £1000 each to the Queen's Hospital

Frederick Clifford Henry and the Hon. Edward Gerald Strutt, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,930. The testator bequeaths his horses and carriages, wines and stores, to his wife Dame Amy Susan Baker; his household



LONDON'S GIFT TO THE SHAH.

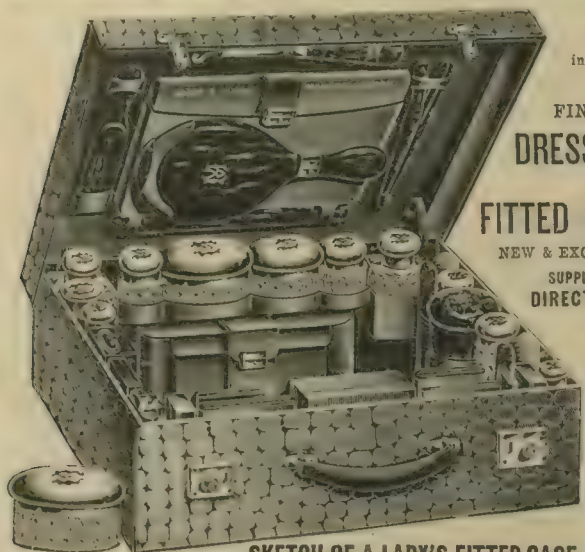
The casket figured above has just been presented to H.M. the Shah of Persia by the Corporation of the City of London. It was designed to contain an address of welcome, but on the abandonment of his Majesty's visit was handed to the Persian Minister. On each side are enamelled views of the Houses of Parliament, the Guildhall, and other public buildings. At the corners are figures representing London, Commerce, Education, and Justice; and surrounding the whole appear the arms of the City of London. The whole casket is of 18-carat gold, the crown and initial M being set with precious stones. Persian character throughout, its irregular form is a pleasing departure from the ordinary conventional casket. It has been designed and produced entirely by her Majesty's Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Messrs. Mapin and Welsh, Limited, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 154 to 162, Oxford Street, W.; and the Royal Works, Sheffield.

Photo. Stancher.

and General Hospital (Birmingham), the Friends Home Mission, and the Friends' Foreign Mission; such a sum as will with what he had given in his lifetime make up £2000 to the Birmingham University; £500 each, upon trust, for the Royal Oak Coffee Tavern at Charlbury, upon trust, for the maintenance of the Langley Recreation Ground, the Birmingham and Midland Institute, the Free Hospital for Sick Children, and the Hospital for Women (Birmingham); £250 each to the Birmingham Eye Hospital, the Middlemore Emigration Homes, the Homoeopathic Hospital, the Royal Orthopaedic and Spinal Hospital, the Peace Society, the Anti-Opium Society, the International Arbitration League, the "Vigo" Sanatorium near Broomsgrove, and the Birmingham and Midland Ladies' Negroes' Friend Society; £150 each to the Birmingham Ear and Throat Hospital, the Birmingham and Midland Skin Hospital, the Dental Hospital, the Lying-in Charity, the District Nursing Society, the General Institution for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Mosley Hall Convalescent Home, the Birmingham and Midland Counties Sanatorium, and the General Dispensary. Subject to a few legacies to relatives and servants, he leaves the residue of his property in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated March 9, 1893), with two codicils (dated March 6, 1893, and Oct. 13, 1899), of the Rev. Sir Talbot Hastings Bondall Baker, Bart., of Ransdon, Blandford, who died on April 6, was proved on Aug. 16 by Frederick Clifford Henry and the Hon. Edward Gerald Strutt, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,930. The testator bequeaths his horses and carriages, wines and stores, to his wife Dame Amy Susan Baker; his household

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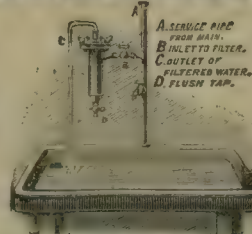
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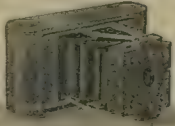
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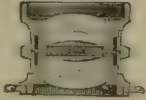
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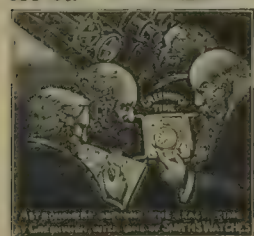
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furniture, and farm stock and implements to his son Randolph; £300 each to his executors; and small legacies to nieces, nephews, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son Randolph Littlehales Baker. Provision has already been made for his daughters Florence Lætitia and Eunice Evelyn.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Inveraray, of the general disposition and settlement (dated May 17, 1891) of George Douglas Glassell Campbell, Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T., of Inverary Castle, Inverary, and Argyll Lodge, Kensington, who died on April 24, granted to John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Duke of Argyll, K.T., the son, the executor-nominate, was sealed in London on Aug. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £92,158.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1896) of Mr. Charles Frederick Greenhill, of 35, Norfolk Square, who died on June 27, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Charlotte Sarah Greenhill, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £74,219 17s. 3d. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1894), with three codicils dated June 15, 1895, Jan. 16 and Dec. 22, 1897, of Major-General Sir Charles Walters D'Oyly, Bart., of Newlands, Blandford, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 20 by Dame Eleanor D'Oyly, the widow, and Arthur Francis Bernard, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £32,298. The testator gives the ready money in the house and on current account at his bankers, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of Newlands, to his wife; and £30 each to his nephews Hastings, Hadley, and Warren D'Oyly.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1899), with a codicil (dated Feb. 16, 1900), of Mr. Charles John Wylie, of 3, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, who died on June 30, was proved on Aug. 6 by Frederick William Harris, Elinor Allen, and Frederick Leverton Harris, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,532. The testator gives £200 and the money at her drawing account at Parr's Bank to his wife;



THE QUEEN'S CUP FOR THE TORBAY YACHT CLUB.

The cup, which was sailed for on Aug. 28, was personally selected and presented by her Majesty, and was manufactured by Messrs. Hancock and Co., of New Bond Street, W. It is wrought in silver-gilt, with richly chased ornament after a reproduction of an antique by Paul Lamerie. The cup is very massive, and stands nearly two feet high.

£100 each to his executors; £100 each to Mrs. Rose Mary Leaf and her daughter Alberta Leaf; £50 per annum to Mrs. Dorothy Hester Hildley, to be increased to £100 per annum on the death of his wife; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives £2000 between the daughters of Charles Messenger Major, William Wreford Major, and Matthew Hildley, and the ultimate residue as to one fourth each, upon sundry trusts, for his brother and sisters.

The will (dated April 14, 1887) of Captain Frederick Sutton, 11th Hussars, of Southsea, grandson of Sir Richard Sutton, first Baronet, who died on June 1, was proved on Aug. 18 by Algernon Charles Sutton, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £50,126. The testator gives £200 and his furniture and domestic effects to his wife, Mrs. Georgina Sutton, and £100 to his son Algernon Charles. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as to £2000 for the children of his second marriage and the ultimate residue for all his children, sums already settled on or given to them to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated July 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated Oct. 20, 1893), of Miss Anna, Maria Elizabeth Leak Knight, of Brooke Lodge, Brooke, Norfolk, who died on Feb. 25, has been proved by Edward Boyce Pomeroy, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £40,037. She bequeaths her furniture and effects to her niece Edith Selina Leak Knight; £100 each to Fanny Simpson and Philip Henry Simpson; £50 each to George Henry Wallace, George Reginald Master, Ernest Vandersteger, Winifred Annie Jenkins, and George Haynes Robinson; and an annuity to her housekeeper. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her niece and her children.

The will and codicil of Mr. Henry Bancroft, C.E., of Moor Hill, Kersal, Manchester, who died on May 15, were proved on July 11 by Frederick Herbert Bancroft, Arthur Henry Bancroft, and Walter Bancroft, the sons, and Mrs. Mary Bancroft, the widow, the value of the estate being £16,840.

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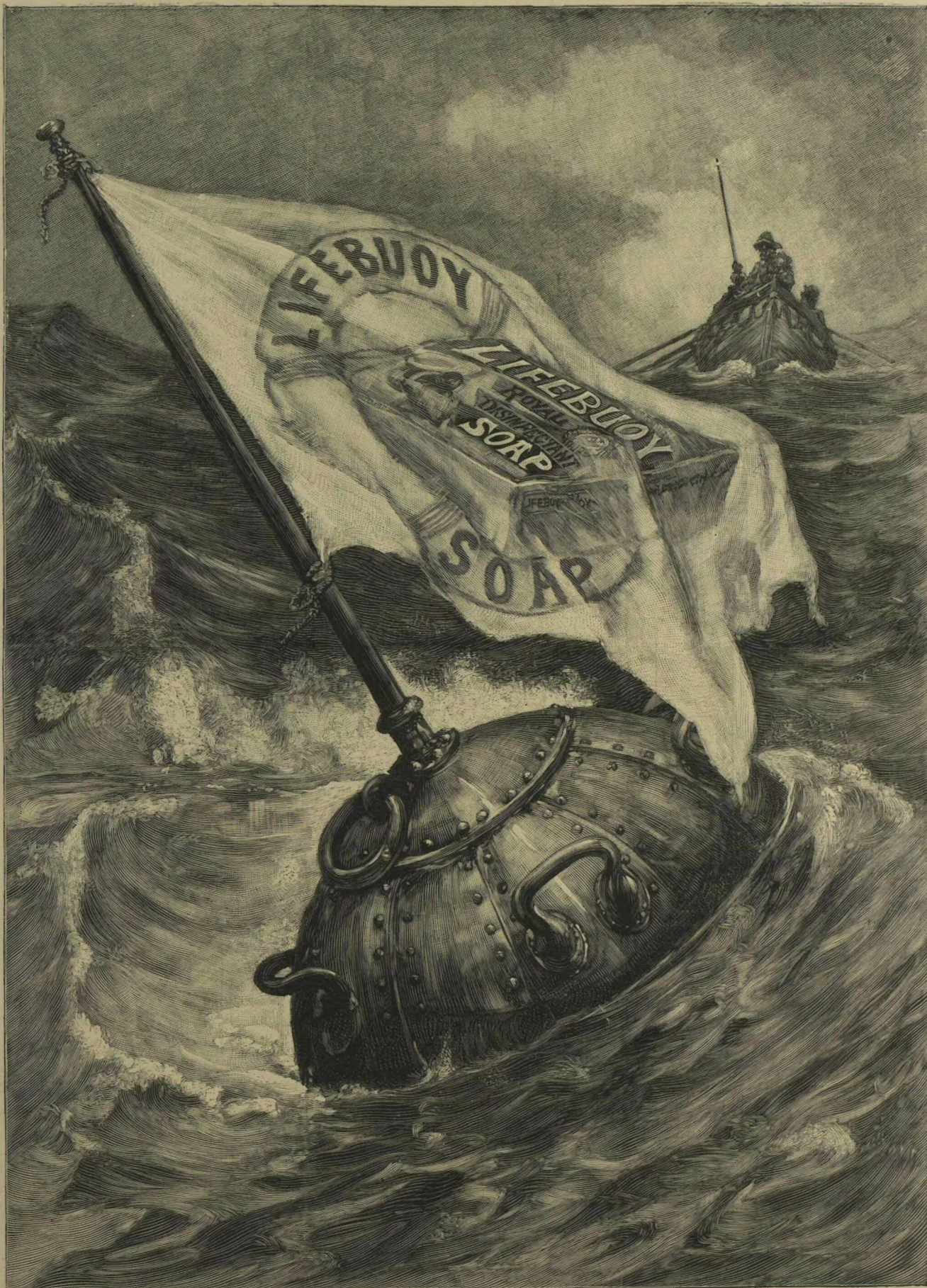
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A paragraph has appeared in the papers announcing that the Rev. G. D. Grundy, the aged vicar of Hey, near Oldham, who has just celebrated his ninety-third birthday, "has served under seven Bishops, and was Vicar of the parish in the reign of George III." That monarch died in 1820, so that Mr. Grundy must have been a Vicar at the age of thirteen!

The Archbishop of Canterbury undertook during August the long and rough voyage to Iceland, in order to visit the grave of his son, who died there last year.

In going about London by train and omnibus I have heard within the last ten days many suggestions for a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's instead of that gloomy memorial service which was planned in July. There is no

doubt that public feeling is in favour of some such grateful acknowledgment of the deliverance of our countrymen from direct peril.

The Bishop of Winchester has gone abroad for the month of September.

The *Rochester Diocesan Chronicle* for September contains, at the end of a series of "intercessions," a prayer "for God's blessing upon the municipal life of the new London boroughs."

Canon Tristram has made a clean sweep of the "ornaments" in the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton. The stations of the Cross, confessional-boxes, holy-water stoups and crucifixes will be removed, and also the images of the Good Shepherd and Blessed Virgin, so well known to those who have visited this dark, low-roofed, but richly

decorated sanctuary, situated in one of the poorest and most crowded parts of Brighton. The respondents have been asked to remove these ornaments within three months.

In an able and outspoken leading article the *Church Times* discusses the question of churchgoing, and comes to the melancholy conclusion that "the English are no longer a churchgoing people." "We seem to be settling down contentedly to the expectation of seeing only a small minority of the people assemble for divine worship. A church which holds five hundred is pulled down as useless because there are not more than eighteen hundred inhabitants in the parish. These are conveniently annexed to a neighbouring parish of three thousand souls with a commodious church, holding nearly eight hundred." In answer to this it may be asked, What really able preacher ever fails to draw a congregation? V.

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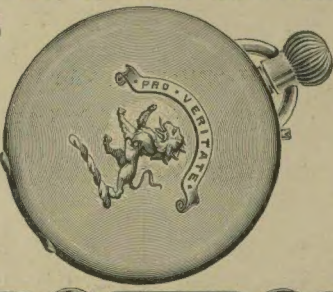
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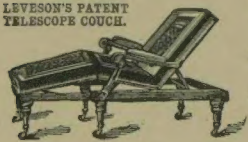
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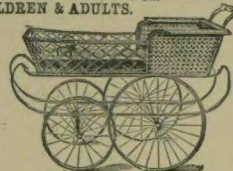
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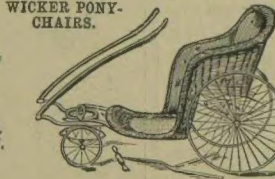
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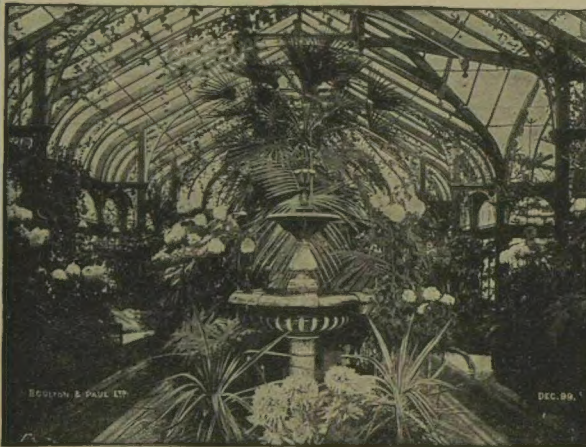


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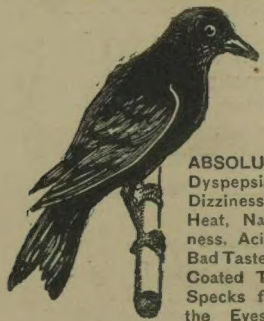
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